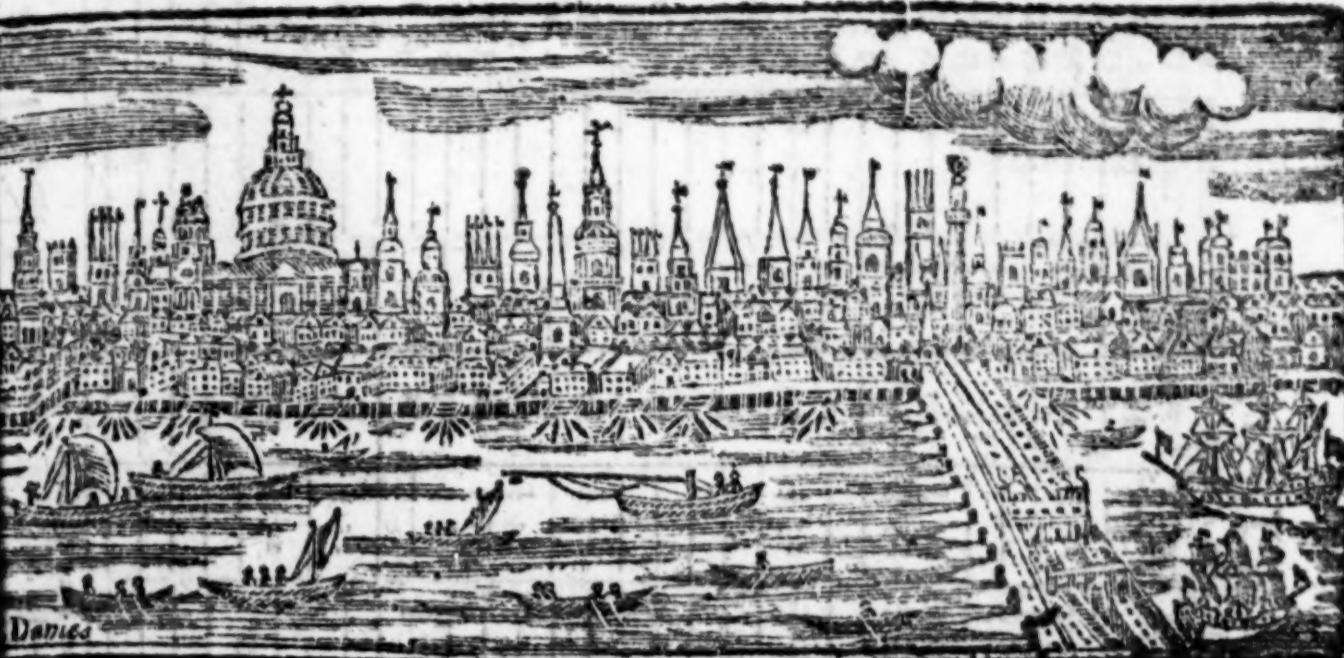


THE LONDON MAGAZINE:



Or, GENTLEMAN's Monthly Intelligencer.

For FEBRUARY, 1774.

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An elegant Head of the DUCHESS of ANCASTER. 2. A Representation of the TIME PIECE in Mr. COX's MUSEUM, both beautifully designed and engraved. And, 3. Number XXVIII. of NEW MUSIC.

LONDON; printed for R. BALDWIN, at No. 47, in Pater-noster-Row. whom may be had complete Sets, from the Year 1732 to the present Time, ready bound and stitched, or any single Volume to complete Sets.

THE

LONDON MAGAZINE, FOR FEBRUARY, 1774.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

HARLEQUIN, No. IX.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS MUTATAS DICERE FORMAS. OVINO.


DO not think that I change my mind and body so often as those I visit in the different parts of this overgrown CAPITAL ; but still the metamorphosis is not confined to persons only, but even houses change their external forms with their motley inhabitants. I have made it my observation in this city, that in the course of one year some shops will alternately contain three different trades : my talisman scarce ever does more with the assistance of the very scene-shifters in one of Rich's best pantomimes. I have known a shop open in a most glaring manner with trinkets and toys ; in three months again it has been changed into a linen-draper's, where every method of plaiting and folding handkerchiefs, placing black paper in the form of hearts under muslins, and other little drapery tricks to coax the girls to buy, have been practised without success. The draper courts and allures in vain—he gives way to a Caledonian bookseller, who, with a load of Glasgow and Edinburgh pirated books gaudily gilt, promises to undersell all the trade ; and thus in succession does a house make its appearance in as motley a manner as my coat. I suppose these sudden failures may arise from dissipation and extravagance. A young man becomes possessed of a small capital : he then resolves to enter into trade, to fall in love, and marry as fast as possible. He gets a stock of goods upon nine months credit, squanders away the cash as fast as it drops through the slit of the till, flies from pleasure to pleasure with his new wife, lies at all points, and burns his can-

dles at both ends, and then his creditors for their credit given him take the residue of the goods unsold for the debt : they get ten shillings in the pound, and the young buck of a tradesman gets a child, which, with a young wife without a shilling, he leaves to her parents to support, and he transmigrates to India or America.

In like manner do even persons of the *bon ton* rise and fall : they are as often down and up, as the buckets of a frequented country well. A man cannot be reckoned of the *ton*, unless he gambles ; therefore a cast of the die makes him poor or rich. Last night I popped down the chimney at White's in St. James's-street, where I found my old friend, Charles Volpone, and young F—l—y hard at it at piquet. They had not been in bed for two nights, and their bill for cards alone came *only* to the moderate sum of seventy-five pounds. The room was so strewed with cards, that I could hardly keep my very nimble feet in it. Charles yawned, damned his fortune, slipped into his chair, went home, washed and shifted himself ; then in his *sulky* rattled down to the House of Commons, played with his hat, beat his breast, talked for an hour in favour of the administration, without knowing a word of the matter debated, and then returned again to White's to try his luck at hazard. Thus does a modern man of the mode pass his time for the *benefit of himself and family*, and the **GREAT GOOD OF HIS COUNTRY**. I was now on the frolic, and determined to see all and every thing. I examined the ladies as they passed to the court on the queen's birth day. I saw few very handsome, tho' they had spared neither

neither white nor red: many were fantastically dressed; and the mode of their equipages, and the dress of their livery servants, seemed to be one of the principal objects of their foolish attention. One coxcomb, just imported from Paris, had his servants in blue suits, trimmed with red lace, and feathers in their hats, and red stockings: they did not look unlike the devils in our modern pantomimes. I walked negligently round the drawing room, which was no more than a crowded coffee-room of fine-dressed people, wherein sincerity never entered, and where civility was only grimace. I revived myself with a glass of Burgundy, which was not so good as that which SAM FOOTE gives to his friends; but this I soon found out: the gentry of the court keep the best for themselves, for which I put an excellent trick upon the king's favourite page; for, while he gave me the wine in one hand, I gave him an excellent slap upon the fingers of the other to wake him. Mr. Whirligig, says he, your humble servant! for he and the k— look upon a pantomime to be the greatest production of human genius and invention.

Sick of this buttle and deception, I passed to Cornelys's *gala*, where all the world were genteelly dressed, to adorn her superb apartments. I did not see any coxcomb more whimsical than another, but young H—r, who rides the streets all the morning to pay visits. There he was more absurd: not satisfied with being well dressed, he had red heels to his shoes, and a white fattin muff over his pretty, delicate, tender hands. This young man wears a cockade, and would wish to pass for a soldier. O Englishmen, what will ye be melted down to! These ten years peace with France have debauched our women, and made all the men more effeminate than the French themselves.

From Latian syrens, French Circæan feasts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to
beasts:

Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
Renounce our country, and degrade our name.

It is a most provoking circumstance, when we find that all our young men are as diligent to glean the vices of every country they pass through, as they ought to be in selecting the vir-

tues of them. If a gentleman goes abroad for three months to the atmosphere of Paris, he returns with an universal contempt for every thing in his native country; and, though the unblushing impudence of the Parisian belles is enough to put an Irishman out of countenance, yet he talks of nothing else but their love, their charms, their manners, and their wit. As it is a common circumstance, and universally known to all those who visit France, I may venture to repeat an unceremonious part of the Paris belles behaviour, though I confess I even blush at the mention of it. All complaints in France are attributed to indigestion, and therefore a lady rises in the midst of conversation with the men, and without a blush begs they will excuse her for a while till she takes her *lavement*.

I was once in company with the most enchanting of women, and, while I was hanging with raptures on the superlative beauties of her charms, and praising all her virtues and wit, she rose suddenly and told me, with the calmest composure, that the *pissoir* was in such a place. Guess my confusion and contempt! My admiration changed at once into rage and resentment; I ordered horses immediately, and came post to Calais. Ease and polite familiarity seem to be the studies of the French ladies: but do they not perform a number of certain indelicacies that do no honour to the sex? Custom, it is said, reconciles every thing. I am convinced to the contrary: no time, no repetition of nastiness or vice could make me admire or adopt them. Were I to live the residue of my life in Scotland (which God forbid) should I become pleased with their universal *turpitude*? or were I in Portugal for ten years, should I be the adopter of their diabolical vices? No, I deny the fact; and the Englishman, who prefers the filth and impudence of a Frenchwoman to the virtue and cleanliness of his country women, is a monster unworthy the place he was bred in.

A young *beau garçon*, when he returns from Paris, comes as much metamorphosed home as I have ever been in my most extravagant situation. His hair is dressed in a particular, ridiculous manner, to look like what

is not. His great-coat is of silk, lined with martins skins ; his coat silk, and his waistcoat and breeches are blue satin quilted. To these is added a satin muff, or one of hair as big as himself ; and these externals are all

that the man has picked up to make himself a monkey. I wish my countrymen could be only convinced of this glorious truth — that he, whose mind is virtuous, is alone of noble kind.

N.

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

COVENT GARDEN.

WE shall now endeavour to fulfil the promise we made last month, of giving a particular account of Mr. Colman's new comedy of *The Man of Business*, which we were then prevented from doing by its making its appearance so late as the 29th. The characters of this piece are as follow.

M E N.

Beverly,	-	Mr. Lewis.
Fable,	-	Mr. Bensley.
Tropic,	-	Mr. Woodward.
Golding,	-	Mr. Shuter.
Denier,	-	Mr. Lewes.
Check,	-	Mr. Quick.
Handy,	-	Mr. Dyer.
Lord Riot,	-	Mr. Davis.
Sir Helter Skelter		Mr. Fox.
Colonel Rakish,	-	Mr. Owenson.
Scanty,	-	Mr. Gardner.
Café,	-	Mr. Hamilton.
Hazard,	-	Mr. Cushing.
Snap,	-	Mr. Thompson.
Capias,	-	Mr. Kniveton.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Golding,	-	Mrs. Green.
Mrs. Carleton,	-	Mrs. Pitt.
Flounce,	-	Miss Helme.
Lydia,	-	Mrs. Bulkeley.

The scene lies for the most part in Pall-Mall.

F A B L E.

MESSIEURS Golding, Fable, and Beverly, three merchants, are supposed to have been some time in partnership. The former having left his wife in London, is employed in transacting business in the East Indies. Beverly is an expensive young man of pleasure, while Fable is a prudent sedate character. The play opens at about nine in the morning, when Beverly and Mrs. Golding, who is a very fine lady, are just supposed to have returned home from a masquerade at the Pantheon. A conversation

soon after ensues between Check, a sober clerk, and Handy, the coxcombly valet to Beverly, in which the latter humorously describes the dissipated life of his master, and talks himself of going to the Pantheon, which honest Check supposes to be the tea house at Islington, and laments their having left Threadneedle-street to live at the polite end of the town.

Fable, wishing to restrain the young merchant in his career of extravagance, determines on a scheme, which he flatters himself will produce a compleat reformation in him, and having properly instructed Check, tells his partner with great appearance of distress, that their affairs are in so bad a situation that the house must stop payment, unless extraordinary sums are raised to prevent it. Beverly is much shocked at this unexpected news, and by the persuasion of Fable promises to part with his horses, hounds, &c. and become a regular, sober man, and agrees to make Fable the trustee for the partnership. His distress is further increased by his friend Denier, who is a young miser, and who had been engaged with him in most of his scenes of jollity, convincing him he would give him no assistance, and even telling him he must resign all pretensions to Lydia, a young lady who had been placed under Denier's guardianship by a gentleman abroad. Lord Riot, Sir Helter Skelter, and some of his other companions, then enter, and shew him how little the common friendships of the world are to be depended on ; and, to crown the whole, his favourite kept mistress writes him a dismission.

In the midst of these troubles he is visited by Mrs. Golding and Miss Lydia. The former rattles away, and says something must be done for him out

out of the *red Book*, (i. e. the Court Kalendar) and wishes his friends had placed him in the army instead of the compting house, while Lydia gives him strong proofs of her affection, and, expecting a large sum every hour from her father in the Indies, determines to endeavour to retrieve his affairs. Denier about this time makes love to his ward ; but, finding he has no hopes, determines to make a merit to Beverly of resigning all claim to Lydia in his favour.

Tropic, an honest rough ships-husband, hearing of the distress of the house, calls upon Fable, and suspecting he had acted with foul play by his partners, rates him soundly on that head. Fable at length acquaints Tropic with his plan, shews him there is no real distress in the case ; but that the whole is a *white lye*, invented to cure Beverly of his follies. Tropic rejoices at this news, and is with some difficulty prevailed on to join in the plot, by promising to take a large quantity of valuable notes, &c. to the young merchant, which Fable instructs him to say were sent home by Golding for his use from India.

Mr. Golding, at this period, unexpectedly arrives from the Asiatic part of the globe, and posting away to his partners house in Pall-Mall, accidentally meets with honest Tropic, who is enquiring for Beverly. Golding naturally supposing he had an interest in whatever concerned that young gentleman, asks Tropic his business with him. The latter, in the fullness of his heart, says he has received a large remittance from his friend Mr. Golding in the East-Indies for Beverly's use. The other is astonished at this information, and almost out of his wits, to hear Tropic declare soon after he knew Golding perfectly well ; that he had cracked many a bottle, and played many a mad prank with him, &c. This scene, which affords great entertainment, is terminated by Golding's declaring who he really is, and demanding the property which Tropic talked of having received from him ; the latter refuses to comply, and retires in great confusion.

Mrs. Golding then enters with Lydia, who faints away at the sight of Mr. Golding.—This circumstance is

afterwards explained, by its appearing he was father to the young lady, whom he placed under the guardianship of Denier, previous to his weding with his present wife, fearing her friends would not agree to the match if they knew he had a child by a former marriage. To conceal this transaction, he had also changed his name from Winterton to Golding.

These are the principal outlines of the story, which is concluded by the parties all meeting at a bailliff's house, in consequence of Fable being arrested by mistake for Golding (whom Denier intended to imprison for a sum of money supposed due from the partnership) where the pitiful character of Denier is exposed. Lydia, with the consent of her father, gives her hand to Beverly, who is greatly surprised at finding the account of their distress invented to reclaim him from his follies. Thus much for the fable.

It may not be amiss to observe, before we enter on the merits of this comedy, that party and prejudice have no less influence in the *theatrical* than in the *political* world. The first night *The Man of Business* made his appearance, a strong party was said to be formed in order to oppose him, and even storm him in his own citadel ; but, as it was feared by the intended assailants, that the *great* guns of the *little* manager might repulse them with disgrace, it was thought more prudent to draw off their thundering artillery, and form them into a masked battery, of which some public papers were made the principal engineers. The fire is now ceased, the smoke dispersed, and *The Man of Business* is left at liberty to proceed quietly and unmolested.

As to the character of this comedy, though it cannot be considered ^{as} equal either to *The Jealous Wife* or *The Clandestine Marriage*, it undoubtedly has great merit, in some parts at least. The first and second acts are smart and lively, the third flat and tasteless ; but the fourth makes ample amends : in this act, Mr. Colman's observations on the wickedness of a banker turning stock jobber, and speculating away the property of other people, are well timed and poignant, and give indisputable proofs of genuine wit and keen penetration. We wish we could say

say as much, or any thing like it, of the last act, which is too intricate and bewildered.

We will not harbour a thought, that Mr. Colman ever intended, as some seem to insinuate from a particular part of this comedy, to give a stab to the liberty of the press, and by meanly fawning at the feet of power, lend a helping hand to the destruction of the natural and invaluable right of those very people, from whom he receives *daily favours*.

Upon the whole, it is possible, that the beauties of this comedy would not have been swallowed up in its defects, had not the name and revered abilities of Mr. Colman raised the attention of the public, and led them to expect from this comedy something more than any author ever produced. Prejudice, either *in favour* or *against* any writer, is equally fatal to his reputation.

Our readers will find the Prologue and Epilogue to this comedy among our Poetical Essays for the present month.

DRURY-LANE.

ON the eleventh instant was presented at this theatre a new farce, called *The Note of Hand*; or, *A Trip to Newmarket*, the ground work of which is as follow.

Rivers, a young gentleman, having lost great part of his fortune at Newmarket, resolves to retire to Ireland, where he had a considerable estate; but, before he puts his determination in execution, Mrs. Chievely, a lady he paid his addresses to, and whose affection he imagined he had lost, hearing of his being cured of his folly, gives a note to a mutual friend, by which she promises, "To surrender, at first, her person and fortune into his bands." He receives this from the above person, and supposing it a draft for money gives it without reading to O'Connor M'Cornick, one of his Irish tenants, who simply passes it, without knowing the purport of it, to Revel a gamester: on discovering the circumstance, he pays the Irishman 50 guineas, and goes himself to Mrs. Chievely to demand the contents. Rivers finds out his mistake, and flies to his mistress in great perturbation of mind, which produces a scene of embarrassment, that is replete with entertainment.

The affair is at last settled by the generosity of Revel, and Rivers discovers the person who had won his money to be his uncle, who designedly concealed himself in order to prevent his becoming a prey to sharpers. Matters being arrived at this crisis, the piece concludes by Revel joining the hands of Rivers and the lady, and declaring, though he has made many matches upon that spot, that was the most disinterested and proper he ever was concerned in.

This little piece is said to be written by Mr. Cumberland; and, though the fable is in some measure unnatural, as many of the incidents never could be supposed to have happened, yet there is a good deal of real humour and observation in it. In the course of this farce we discover, in a variety of situations, a view of the many infamous and ridiculous practices of several of the frequenters of Newmarket races, under the honourable appellation of *Black Legs*, particularly the characters of a gaming statesman, and three broken tradesmen, whose neglect of business, and dissipations of the town, have forced on this disgraceful mode of existence. The performers in general did justice to their characters, particularly Mr. Moody, who filled the part of an Irish gentleman farmer with his usual *naïveté*, and Mr. Dodd, in that of a city prentice turned gentleman. This piece was received with applause.

On the 19th was likewise presented at this theatre, for the first time, a new tragedy, called *Sethona*, the characters of which are as follow.

<i>Serapis</i> ,	-	Mr. Barry.
<i>Menes</i> ,	-	Mr. Reddish.
<i>Amasis</i> ,	-	Mr. Aickin.
<i>Orus</i> ,	-	Mr. J. Aickin.
<i>Oranes</i> ,	-	Mr. Packer.
<i>Myrteus</i> ,	-	Mr. Davies.
<i>Soldier</i> ,	-	Mr. Wright.

AND

Sethona, - Mrs. Barry.

This tragedy is said to be the production of an absent military gentleman, and glad we are to find, that the fierce officer knows how to blend love with the martial spirit; though there are some critics who think, that his *tender Venus* wears too much the appearance of the *bloody Mars*, and

that

that this tragedy is one general chain of distressing and horrid events. Be it so; yet this will perhaps recommend it to an audience by nature formed as much for war as love. The reception this tragedy has met with, at least, countenances this conjecture.

The scene of this tragedy is laid at Memphis. It opens with a picturesque representation of Sethona kneeling at the shrine of Osiris, the Egyptian idol. In the course of the performance an admirable scene of the Catacombs is introduced, which does great credit to the artists who painted it. The dresses are mostly new; Mr. Reddish's, Mr. Aickin's, and Mr. Barry's, were exceedingly rich and splendid, and each of those performers did singular justice to their parts.

It has been observed by some writers, who set up for *nice* critics, that the tragedy of *Sethona* is a very unequal performance; that it has too many claims upon the tender passions to be denied the rank of tragedy; but

that it is so irregular in the conduct of its fable, such egregious absurdities occur in the course of it, and so many objections arise to the variety of incidents with which it is crowded, that it cannot be justly clasped with any of our tragedies of acknowledged excellence. However, even its most rigid opposers acknowledge, that, considering it altogether, there are some situations in it which touch the heart, and which merit the highest approbation—that the principal character is supported with dignity, and excites our pity throughout the tragedy.

The prologue, which was spoken by Mr. Reddish, was a decent appeal to candour. The epilogue (which was spoken by Mrs. Barry, in the character of a gypsy, come to tell the fortunes of the audience) we are inclined to think was the production of Mr. Garrick, as it possesses a fund of wit and humour peculiar to the great Roscius.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

COURT BEAUTIES.

NUMBER II.

(Embellished with a fine Engraving of the Duchess of ANCASTER.)

THIS lady, who has long streamed thro' the crystal circle of a court with great *eclat*, is the beauteous daughter of the rich equestrian, Mr. Panton, and for her fortune and beauty was selected to the rank of duchess by the present duke.

Whether or no the lures and luxuries of a court have been ever pleasing and inviting to this lady's mind, we mean not to determine; but, for purposes private or political, this fair female has ever held a place about her present majesty: she attended her *suite* in her voyage from Holland, and has been since a favourite and mistress of the robes to the queen.

The little jealousies and heart-burnings, which naturally torment the butterflies of a court, could not escape the susceptible breast of the present duchess; and when Madam Swellenbergen arrived with the queen, and was pronounced the favourite of her majesty, as being her nurse and foster mother, and that she expected a proper respect to be paid to her, the ladies of the court unanimously shewed some resentment, and refused positively to kneel to this new idol. This resentment

subsided awhile, till the ladies discovered the power of the new, old favourite such, that they could never approach the ear of her majesty but through the ear of the German gentlewoman.

As trimming is the mode of court ladies well as court gentlemen, they found they could not hold a place about the royal person, nor obtain a gracious smile, unless they first sail to this *court colonna*; and our duchess was the first who lowered her pride, and condescended to eat at her table. Such is the power of queens and kings, that now the whole court are emulous to shew this royal nurse attention and respect; and, except the duchess of Northumberland, every other lady has submissively offered incense to the Belgic favourite.

Divested of court intrigue, and the bias of politics, this fair duchess merits our applause; and, as handsome women cannot be included in the groupe. We may say of her, as Dan Pope said of another,

If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.

N.
DEBATE



COURT BEAUTIES, N.Y.



For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

DEBATES OF A POLITICAL SOCIETY.

(Continued from our last.)

Mr. DOWDESWELL.

THE noble lord, with a perspicuity peculiar to himself, hath stated the company's affairs, and proved, I believe, Sir, to the satisfaction of every man present, that without almost instantaneous relief, the company is in a fair way of being totally undone. I am, Sir, so well convinced of the propriety of our interposition, that I rise not to oppose the noble lord's resolutions, but to make a few remarks upon some expressions let fall in his speech.

The deplorable situation of the India company hath been painted both within and without doors in lively colours; but, Sir, who hath been more immediately necessary to its distresses? Hath not the prospect of immense wealth tempted its own servants to ransack, as it were, the bowels of the very mother that bore them? Hath not administration, the *present* I mean, stretched forth its rapacious hands to seize upon the wealth of the company? Who then can wonder at its distresses? Who can be surprised at the ruin which awaits this once flourishing body corporate? But, Sir, the noble lord is pleased to talk of the territorial acquisitions of this company as of "right and justice belonging to the state." I, in this particular, differ so much from the noble lord, that I think the position utterly repugnant to truth; and, in behalf of an injured company, I here stand up to disavow such notions, as inconsistent with the chartered rights of the company, as inconsistent with that encouragement which should ever be given in a commercial state to companies of such consequence as that trading to the East-Indies. This, Sir, is all I have at present to say upon the subject. With respect to the resolutions proposed by the noble lord, I am too much a friend to the company to oppose them in a single instance.

Feb. 1774.

Mr. Dempster. — Unwilling to occupy the time of the House, I shall, Sir, be as brief and concise as possible. The noble lord dropped an expression, which I confess gave me greater surprise than any thing I ever remember to have heard since I have had the honour of sitting in this House. The noble lord was pleased to say, Sir, that "the East-India company had no claim of justice for relief." To what, in the name of goodness, doth this assertion amount? Is not the East-India company a trading company? Have not the benefits accruing from its traffic been immense to this kingdom? And shall we say, nay shall we hear it from the mouth of administration, that in strict justice we ought not to attend to the commercial interests of Great Britain? For what, Sir, do we by relieving the company, except we put it in a situation of benefiting the state by its commerce? Yet, Sir, according to the noble lord, this is not a matter of justice, but of policy merely, that is, of convenience to some party! If such be the language of office, it differs, Sir, so much from my sentiments, that I should think myself deficient in point of duty, did I not totally disclaim the ideas as incongruous, and the proposition as an absurdity in terms, although an absurdity of a dangerous tendency. Respecting the territorial acquisitions of the company, there also, Sir, I entirely differ in opinion from the noble lord; and if I err can plead, as well as the noble lord, respectable authority as a sanction for my error. Several gentlemen, well skilled in the laws of their country, have advanced it as their opinion, that the company have an undoubted, a clear, and an exclusive right to the territories possessed in India, whether acquired by conquest, or otherwise. I have now, Sir, a gentleman in my eye, who formerly held the same opinion. He is

K

now,

now, indeed, in office, and whether a change of situation may have so far operated upon his intellects as to change his sentiments in this particular, I cannot determine. However, Sir, this is not the time to debate the proposition; it is not properly before us; when it is, I shall enter the lists a champion for the company's rights, and I will shew, that to maintain the noble lord's position, is to maintain that the charters of corporate bodies may be violated at pleasure, set at nought with impunity, and abrogated whenever it can serve the purposes of government.

Mr. Edmund Burke then got up, and calling the chairman by mistake Sir Charles Whitworth, a laugh prevailed through the House; but this soon subsiding, Mr. Burke proceeded as follows:

Instances, it seems, Sir, of absurdity are never to be wanting in this House; but previous to our being absurd upon record, I do beg that the resolutions proposed by the noble lord may be a little attended to. It may be thought a trifling request; but I cannot think that trifling, the omission of which might tend to an impeachment of our understandings. Sir, if I comprehend the meaning of the noble lord's motions, it is as follows: it is first asserted that a supply is necessary to relieve the company; you next agree *now* to vote them a supply, though in the fourth motion it is expressly asserted, that the company shall not have the supply, unless "at the same time due care shall be taken, that regulations are made, &c." Pray, Sir, who is to make these regulations? The sentence is impersonal: it provides that due care shall be taken, but never says by whom. I would further ask, Sir, what we are to understand by the phrase, *at the same time*? It cannot mean now that we are voting the money necessary, because no due care has been taken, no regulations are now made; and yet, Sir, it ought to mean, at the very instant the money is voted necessary, or it becomes errant nonsense: for consider, Sir, "provided at the same time due care shall be taken," implies a conditional contingency which may or may not happen, for due care may or may not be taken. So that we are

now going to grant the public money upon the strength of a conditional contingency which may not come to pass, though upon the absolute certainty only of the contingency's happening the money is voted! My God, Sir, what informal, delusive, unparliamentary, illegal, incoherent stuff is this! I ask again, Sir, who is to take this due care? who is to make these wonderful regulations? Parliament confesses, in plain terms, in total inability; for with all your secret, your select, and your open committees, it appears, by your own confession, you have done what amounts to nothing. Is it from you then that we are to expect these regulations, and this due care? No; you confess that you wish the regulations may come from the company: they are, you say, better qualified; so that, with respect to those matters, the case stands thus: Parliament wants sense; the East-India company wants (what is too often a substitute for sense) money: Parliament, out of its abundant resources, agrees to supply the company with money, "provided at the same time," (that is, some time hereafter) the company will furnish parliament with as much sense as they may think adequate to the supply advanced! It seems as if you was at least conscious of your deficiencies; for, considering the state of the nation at present, 1,400,000l. is a sum that ought to purchase a *good deal of sense*. May the company furnish you with some sense of the *sterling* kind, with such an excellent commodity that you may be gainers by the bargain! If I thought that would be the case, I should vote for the present supply with prodigious alacrity, and think it the best bestowed money the public has for some years parted with; but I do beseech you to correct that ungrammatical jargon in which the motions are contained; for since, contrary to the idea conveyed by the terms, we are not to understand "at the same time" to mean the present now, *eo instanti*, but some indefinite, unlimited time hereafter. Since this is the case, take care, I say, that after you have furnished the money, the company should perform their conditions by furnishing you with the sense.

I declare I am far from intending this in a ludicrous light: I think it a matter of serious consequence. The company have applied to parliament for pecuniary relief. You pass resolutions to relieve them; they go away satisfied; their affairs are supposed to be now reinstated, and their stock is affected thereby. Yet here is a condition expressly tacked to the grant, of which they are not apprized. The condition is not performed; they receive not the grant as expected; and thus, like a bubble blown up in air, their hopes vanish, their delusive golden dream expires. If this is not the fact without exaggeration, upon an intimation of the House's conceiving it in a different manner, I am ready and willing to retract my error.

Lord North.—The honourable gentleman is pleased to be facetious. It is possible, Sir, that we may stand greatly in need of sense, but it is not altogether so extremely clear, that the East-India company so much abounds in that commodity; their wants of another kind perhaps are proofs of this, for had they had more sense, they might not now have been so destitute of money.

With respect to what the gentleman finds fault with, I can only say, that to my poor apprehension the meaning of the obnoxious sentence is extremely clear. We first resolve to furnish the company with money; but the express condition of their receiving that money is, their or our taking care, "at the same time," to frame such regulations as may best prevent the return of similar evils upon the company. The word *provided* does by no means imply a condition. I will not trespass longer upon the House; I have proposed my motions, and if any gentleman has others more likely to answer the end, I am ready to hear and take the sense of the House upon them.

Mr. Edmund Burke.—There are many gentlemen now in this House accurately acquainted with our acts of parliament, and if any one of them will stand up and tell me, in what other sense than that of a condition the word *provided* is used in all stipulated articles of agreement, I shall be infinitely obliged to him. The noble lord may be an excellent statesman,

but from what he has just now let fall, I will trust him in any thing but an explanation of the meaning of a word in his native language. I am sure the gentleman who sits next him [Mr. Dyson] never helped him to the terms in which the motions are drawn up.

Mr. Will. Burke.—We were called together early in the season, to consider of the regulations which the noble lord informs us are yet in the womb of time. Our adjournments have been short, our meetings frequent, our committees on India affairs many; yet what has all this produced? What by the sensible part of the world was expected—nothing. We are, as I understand, to sit here for many months longer, in the sultry months, for the benefit of our healths. But when these same regulations relative to the East-India company are to take place, heaven alone can tell! By the language of the motions, they should commence now, that we are about to resolve the money necessary: by the language of the minister, it is not *now*, but at some *future* determinate period: so that the written and the verbal stile of the minister varies considerably, unless, like reading it backwards, we begin with the motion which has the last place assigned to it by the noble lord, though it is first in the order of common sense.

Mr. Charles Fox.—I know no other way, Sir, of accounting for the honourable gentleman's mistake [Edmund Burke] who spoke last but one, unless by referring it to the error he set out with. He really, Sir, takes you for Sir Charles Whitworth, and this for a committee of supply. [A loud-laugh through the House.]

Mr. Edmund Burke.—I am always happy when I can contribute to the good humour of the House, as I think it an auspicious omen in our favour; but, Sir, I should have been absurd indeed, had I taken such a committee as this for a committee of supply, though I know not that I should have deserved censure the mistaking you for Sir Charles Whitworth.

Gov. Johnstone.—I rise, Sir, entirely to coincide with the noble lord's motions, though I differ from him in opinion concerning the territorial acquisitions in India. A late chancellor, I remember, who did honour to

the post he occupied, declared himself in favour of the company's exclusive right of territory. However, this is not the place for such points to be determined. As trustees for the public, we are parties concerned, and cannot decide in the public's favour against the company. Westminster-hall is the place for such decisions. One thing, Sir, I must beg leave to mention.

There was a proposal relative to increasing the dividend, before a participation of profits between government and the company should take place. The chairman, at a general court, I remember, was asked, whether he thought that proposal would be agreed to? His answer was, "that he had reason to think it would meet with no opposition." He was asked by many, and myself in particular, "whether he spoke this from authority, or his own conjecture?" Now, Sir, the effect such a declaration must have upon the stock is too notorious to need recital. What, therefore, I have to say is, that if the chairman made the declaration from authority, the noble lord, who made the motion, has been a little inconsistent; but if the chairman made the declaration without authority, he is to the last degree criminal, as such proceeding is sporting with proprietors who are already in too deplorable a situation, not richly to deserve the interposition of parliament in their favour.

Sir George Colebrooke. — As the honourable gentleman hath thought proper to allude in a particular manner to my conduct at a late general court, if the House chooses it, I am ready to relate the conversation which passed in several interviews with the noble lord, though I had much rather be excused. [Here the House pressed him to proceed, when he related some private confidential conversation, and then concluded thus:] From these expressions of the noble lord, I did, I confess, understand, that he avowed the proposal relative to an increase of dividend, previous to the participation taking place, and as such I ventured the declaration when called upon in a general court.

Lord North.—What the honourable gentleman over the way [Gov. Johnstone] has let fall, I confess surprises

me. In all the interviews I ever had with the honourable gentleman [Sir George Colebrooke] in his official capacity, as chairman of the company, I was always careful not to be mistaken; I always cautioned him against all thoughts about increasing the dividend above six per cent. and I repeatedly told him, that whatever passed in conversation I expected for ever to be buried in oblivion, and that it might never be quoted as authorising him to take a single step. With respect to what was committed to writing, that I told the honourable gentleman he was at liberty to rely upon as the result of mature deliberation, I have not one of the honourable gentleman's letters about me; but I will venture to affirm, that in none of them is there a single expression which could be construed into an acquiescence in an increase of dividend previous to the participation taking place. The very idea is absurd; to authorise a company to increase their dividend before they have paid their debts, is to the last degree preposterous, and contrary to every maxim I have hitherto laid down in all my treatises with the company.

Sir George Colebrooke. — In justification of myself, I must be permitted to say, that I am incapable of repeating a private conversation to any man's disadvantage. I will not affirm, that there are expressions in any of the letters, which might lead me to conclude, that the noble lord would accede to the proposal of an increase of dividend; but I thought some of his verbal expressions authorised me to say what I did at the general court.

Here the debates concluded, and the question was called for; but Mr. Burke persisting in his assertion relative to the absurdity of the phrase, "provided at the same time," when it referred to something future, he proposed the following amendment, "provided that in six weeks the company shall make due regulations." This passed in the negative, and the resolutions stood as before mentioned.

March 10. Yesterday being the day appointed by the House of Commons for hearing counsel against the bill for the relief of protestant dissenters in

matters of subscription, after the order of the day was called for, the house was informed by Sir William Bagott, that Mr. Perrin, the counsel employed on the occasion, finding the time allotted for his preparation too short, had returned his brief, and that the House might be satisfied as to the cause of his thus acting, he had sent a solicitor to give the House every necessary information.

Sir William, further to shew the impossibility of any counsel's preparing himself in the time, declared that he had seen the brief, which, he said, consisted of a prodigious number of folio sheets. Sir William therefore moved that the hearing of counsel might be postponed for a few days longer, and the second reading of the bill put off until the time the counsel could be prepared to plead.

On this motion being made, a debate ensued, and two points were strenuously argued for by the contending parties: the first was, "whether the second reading of the bill should be postponed until counsel could be heard;" the second, "whether counsel ought to be heard at all." Sir Roger Newdigate, though warmly against the bill, was yet for hearing counsel. Mr. Edmund Burke thought there was a ridiculous impropriety in hearing counsel, because nothing, he said, could be urged in favour of those who petitioned against the bill.

"Here are, said that ingenious member, a multitude of persons who call themselves protestant dissenters, whom we do not know, pray to be heard by counsel, whom we also know not, against others professing their dislike to the mode of subscription to the articles; that is, continued Mr. Burke, here are a set of men, many of whom cannot write, and they beg leave at your bar to shew cause why others ought to be compelled to subscribe their names. The brief contains a multitude of folio sheets, whether to prolong time, or puzzle the cause, I leave, argues Mr. Burke, the house to determine, however, I see no cause why the bill should be postponed."

Mr. Dyson was also against postponing the bill, and he made several pertinent remarks on the petition itself, the persons who signed it, and the mode of procuring it to be signed.

Mr. Wm. Burke was for postponing the bill for a few days, in order that counsel might be heard. Another member who spoke on the same side said, "He remembered a case wherein the house postponed an affair which concerned itself, because one day the counsel engaged was seized with a pain in his TOE; this pain continued, and was day after day communicated to every joint in his body, till at length the patience of several members being wearied out, the counsel on a sudden recovered from his indisposition, and pleaded to the entire satisfaction of his clients! Yet now, when the establishment of the church is at stake, we are not, continues the member, to wait three or four days, until the counsel is qualified to plead the cause of the reformation, of truth and of christianity."

Sir William Bagott having said that the petitioners thought perhaps counsel necessary to shew many parts of the bill to be contrary to law, Mr. Gray, Sir William Meredith, and others, replied, that "they hoped no counsel would be suffered to teach the commons of England, from their own bar, the laws of their country." We, said he, who are the legislators and guardians of the laws, to be instructed by counsel, whether a bill we are about to pass into a law, be or be not contrary or agreeable to the laws and liberties of our country! This, said he, would indeed be a censure upon the representatives of the people, too gross not to incur the contempt of the public, too shameful to be permitted." With this opinion the speaker heartily concurred.

The Hon. George Onslow next rose, and seemingly put an end to the debate, by saying, that "though counsel was not heard at the second, they might at the third reading, or when the report was made;" but many urged that the second reading was the proper stage for the bill to meet with every opposition intended, this being perfectly agreeable to precedent, and the forms of the House.

The House was then cleared, and on a division, there appeared for the second reading of the bill 73, against it 34; and it was ordered to be read accordingly.

March 11. The speaker being seated, the House proceeded to business.—Ordered the Clerk to read an Act of the 10th of George the Second.

Mr. Prescot.—Sir, since gaming has become the prevailing vice of the age, I think it the duty of this House to discourage it by all possible means. And, Sir, it is peculiarly necessary that some immediate stop be put to the most pernicious and infamous species of gaming, that of stock-jobbing. It has arisen to such an enormous height, that it is impossible to tell what mischief it has already done, or where it will end. The act against stock-jobbing was framed by a man universally beloved and admired (Sir John Bernard.) May the city always be represented by men of his abilities and integrity. And it may perhaps, Sir, be thought unpardonably presumptuous in me to attempt an amendment of a bill formed by a man so superior; but I hope the goodness of my intention will apologize for the deficiency of my abilities. As to dice and cards, the fashionable entertainment of all polite people, I will leave them to the laws of the land as they now stand, and will not detain the House any longer, than to ask leave to bring in a bill for the explaining, amending and enforcing an act of the 10th of George the Second, against the infamous practice of stock-jobbing.

Mr. Oliver.—Sir, I heartily approve of the motion of the honourable gentleman, and sincerely wish a stop may be put to a practice as infamous as it is dangerous. The pernicious practice of stock-jobbing, Sir, has attained to such a height, that the jobbers meet you at your very door, and desire to know whether you will be bull or bear. Sir, all ranks and denominations of men have got into this method of stock-jobbing; the very lowest class of tradesmen: and hence we may, in a great measure, account for the many bankruptcies which are continually happening. As I am up to second the motion of the honourable gentleman, allow me to acquaint the House of another practice equally detestable, which prevails, to the scandal of our laws and of humanity: I mean, Sir, insurance on lives. If a member of either House

of Parliament is known to frequent a coffee-house, and seen to walk lame, or appear in a great coat, a policy is immediately opened, to the amount of 30 or 40,000l. on his life; and it may perhaps be the interest of those concerned, to murder him. I don't affirm that this is positively the case; but, Sir, if the person on whom policy is opened should be attended by either a poor physician or apothecary, and many such there are, it would be an easy and safe manner to destroy the man; as, under the pretence of curing or alleviating his disorder, something may be given either to destroy directly, or injure his health beyond a possibility of recovering. This, Sir, is continually done; and men indigent to-day, are, to the surprize of every body, possessed of fortunes tomorrow. I rose, Sir, not only to second the motion of the honourable gentleman, but to move, that a clause be added to his bill, to restrain and prohibit so infamous and villainous a practice.

Mr. T. Townshend.—Sir, I am happy to find a gentleman has at last undertaken to restrain the practice of stock jobbing. It is well known, Sir, the great blow which credit has received, and the low state which it is in at present. The late failures, of which there have been so many, but which I hope to God are at an end, have been occasioned by this infamous practice. Many gentlemen who have thought themselves worth money, were of a sudden ruined by those pests to society, stock-brokers. The profession, Sir, formerly respectable, is now become contemptible; and men have raised fortunes from nothing, then broke; and I entreat you to reflect on the distress which must accompany it, and on the numbers unhappily involved in their ruin. It is, Sir, our duty to discourage this practice; and I, with great chearfulness, second so laudable a motion.

Alderman Hopkins.—Sir, although I believe there will not be a dissenting voice to the motion of my honourable friend, (Mr. Prescot) and that the House will ever readily attend to the discouragement of stock-jobbing, which I acknowledge is carried on to an amazing excess; yet, Sir, I cannot help saying a few words in answer

to the honourable gentleman over the way, who seconded the motion (Mr. Oliver.)

In the former part of my life I dealt in stocks ; but I blush to own the practice at present is widely different to what it was ; it was at that time conducted by a set of men who did honour to the profession ; and there were none of those infamous practices which the honourable gentleman very justly complains of. As to insuring of lives, I do not altogether agree with the honourable gentleman. I remember, Sir, when the business of underwriting was respectable, and underwriters were men of fortune and reputation. I have sometimes written for considerable sums, but then it was on a fair, equitable and legal footing, and in the most open manner. I wrote one the other day. Application was made to me by a member of a club ; if he lived a year and a half longer his wife would be entitled to a comfortable annuity ; he had advanced a sum of money for that purpose, and wanted to secure it, that the widow might not be left destitute. I examined, and found he was in good health ; it was a fair and open proposal, and I accepted of it. The practice of insuring of lives is of vast benefit and utility to individuals. An insurance of the nature above stated, was not only justifiable but necessary. I have, indeed, known instances of insurances on the very principles the honourable gentleman over the way (Mr. Oliver) condemns ; one of which occurs to me at present. Some short time past a policy was opened on a man who was himself entirely ignorant of the transaction ; and when he was acquainted with it about six or eight months after, it took such an affect on him that he never recovered ; and it was the declared opinion of Dr. Fothergill, who attended him, that the insuring of his life was the cause of his death. Here the house laughed very heartily ; and the question being called, it was agreed to, without a division, that leave be given to bring in a bill for amending, explaining, and enforcing an act against stock jobbing, made in the 10th of George the Second ; and that Mr.

Prefcot, Mr. Oliver, Mr. Hopkins, &c. do prepare and bring in the same.

The House went into a committee of the whole House on the corn exportation and importation bill, when a great number of amendments were proposed, and several of them agreed to.—On that clause, fixing the price at which oats were to be permitted duty-free, a very warm debate ensued, supported by several Scotch members. They contended, that oats in general, under several forms, was the chief food of much the greater part of their countrymen ; that they breakfasted on it when made into porridge ; dined on it, made into bread ; and supped on it, boiled up into borgou : that permitting the importation of oats on a small duty, when the price was at 16s. per quarter, and taking off every duty when it rose to 18s. would discourage the farmer from growing that kind of grain in Scotland, which was in reality discouraging the raising every species of bread corn in that kingdom ; that it would be at once destructive of the landed interest there, and distress the poor ; that before the treaty of union, and since, a bounty on exportation by the laws of that country was to take place at 15s. and no importation allowed till the price came to 19s. 4*l.* that considering the decreased value of money since that period, the scale of prices now proposed, of fourteen shillings for the bounty and sixteen shillings for the importation, went in the strongest manner against those former regulations which have continued since the time of Charles the Second's reign ; that those prices having been settled at the treaty of union in 1707, the innovations now proposed were an evident breach of that treaty, and consequently of the constitution of the two united kingdoms ; that the perfect satisfaction expressed by the land-owner, the consumer, and grower of corn in that part of the island, with the law as it now stands, is the surest test of the benefits derived from it to each of these ; and that as oats are not cultivated in South Britain for human food, but for horses, it would be extremely cruel and unjust in the legislature to starve their Northern fellow subjects, in order that the gentlemen in

in the Southern parts of the island may be thereby enabled to feed their horses at a cheaper rate. To those objections it was answered, that if permitting the importation at a lower price than usual would be a means of falling the price, why should not that consideration operate equally with all? that keeping up the prices on the native consumer, in order purely to encrease the value of land, was a policy that, however secretly pursued, ought not to be publickly avowed; that the scale of prices in William and Mary's reign were those in force at the time of the union in England, that the price at which importation was permitted from that time till very lately was, wheat at 2l. 13s. 4d. per quarter, whereas the present bill fixed it at 2l. 8s. and so with all other grain in proportion; so that if there was a

decrease of 1-15th in the scale established at that period in Scotland, there was 1-10th so far as the present bill affected England; that therefore no breach of that fundamental treaty could be pretended, in the instance now proposed, unless the gentlemen on the other side could shew that the reduction was partial, and not proportioned. At length Mr. Pulteney proposed, that as the bill was to be re-committed, that a clause might be inserted on the report, that the provisions now objected to might not extend to Scotland, as he presumed the House would agree that the gentlemen from that country were the best judges of their own interest. Lord North on this proposal declined all further opposition, and the committee proceeded in their amendments, which are to be reported on Thursday next.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

A PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAY ON LOVE, ILLUSTRATED WITH CHARACTERS.

(Concluded from our last.)

LOVE being the bond of two hearts, which sympathise with each other, it is in the qualifications of the heart that we must seek for the foundation of this sympathy: now the first and principal, and that which, indeed, presides over all the rest, is the love of virtue. What a fatal present to a man of honour is a worthless heart that knows not those sentiments! Can he accept it without exposing his own innocence? — In a union so strict as that of lovers, sentiments are communicated imperceptibly: and, as experience sadly teaches us, the bad are communicated with greater ease than the good. The disorders of the mind are more contagious than those of the body: its spots defile all those who approach too near. Add to the danger of this fatal consequence the interest of your own love. By what rare perfections would you ever hope to fix a heart that finds no charms in virtue? Would you adopt her crimes? Would you become an accomplice? This would be only fa-

crificing your honour without any advantage to your love: even the fair seducer herself would despise you; and what we despise we cannot love.

If you should continue constant to virtue, you would only frighten her and make her fly you. Should you stoop to base condescensions, she would abuse them, and at the same time she would not think herself obliged to you: nay it would be a motive to her one day to reproach you, and to throw upon you the whole blame of her own guilt: for, if you encouraged her crimes, you would be charged with being the author of them.

What medium is then to be taken between these two extremes? Avoid this perplexing situation: be virtuous yourself, and love no one that is not so.

What view can Belifa have in shewing such favours to the young Lindorius? Surely no other than that of becoming the Minerva of this love Telemachus. She would act but poorly the part of Circe. He is

you

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youth that has scarce got rid of the ferula, and has not yet shook off the dust of the college. Belisa, on the contrary, is full of age. She has seen the beginning of the present century, and ought now to have laid aside the trifling, vain amusements of gallantry and intrigue. Full five and forty years experience, and some mortifying anecdotes, which are not yet blotted out of her memory, ought to keep her upon her guard against the levity and indiscretion which she has but too often experienced in young gentlemen. She has a friendship for Linderus's mother, and takes him under her care, as a pupil. But flandering tongues say, she has a particular interest in the success of her lessons. 'Tis generally, say they, in the arms of such old women, that young men first lose their innocence. The timidity natural to youth would sufficiently protect him, if those dangerous seducers did not undertake to corrupt his modesty by loose expressions, and, to complete the conquest, by indecent fooleries. Let us observe the mistress and her pupil. What! does she design to justify these suspicions? Does she wish to confirm them? Why is she always with him tete-à-tete? Why those affected ways, and bolting the room? Is there no other seat for Belisa, but a couch? No other attitude, but a reclined posture? No other dress, but a light disabille? Does mere friendship spread such a glow on the cheeks? Has it such a rolling eye? Does it express itself in smiles, given and repeated with the most passionate warmth? But let us draw a veil over the rest of the picture: I want to inspire my readers with virtue, and perhaps I shall alarm their modesty. Encolpus rivals Belisa; or he seeks to attain the same end, though by different means. His long oak, the venerable character with which he is vested, the many wrinkles on his forehead, and his hypocritical deportment, inspire every one with an unbounded confidence. Young beauties kneel down before him, to blush at their own weakness; to disclose to him their secret inclinations; to acquaint him with the empire which the violence of their constitution has over their reason; to command of the ascendancy of their irre-

gular appetites; and to apply to him for a remedy. Heloisa has confessed to him the invincible propensity she has to tenderness, and the mistakes this weakness has made her commit: before he proceeds to a cure, he probes the depth of the wound; he questions, he examines, he searches into the nature of her disease; and, lest she should omit any material circumstance, he enters into a smutty detail, far more capable of fullying her imagination, than of strengthening her chastity. The more open and sincere she is, the sooner this impostor will deceive and triumph over her. He already knows the weak places of the fortress, and there he will make his attack. In vain the young Almanzor, though of a bold enterprizing genius, has strove to overcome that wavering modesty, which has hitherto preserved this young beauty from ruin: this hypocritical director will be more successful in his attack. When he has led her to the brink of the precipice, her fear will hurry her into it; and what a young agreeable lover could never obtain by all his caresses, this grey-haired villain will obtain by his sacrilegious artifices. Will you give the name of love to the fiery passion of Belisa, or to the criminal desires of Encolpus?

Is it love to rob the object beloved of her innocence, the most precious gift of heaven! and to stain her soul with a stain of the deepest dye? Is it possible to plunge the poinard into a person's breast out of love, or to poison him through friendship? Erasmus has more honourable intentions: he has a sincere passion for Isabella; which you may easily perceive by the advantageous picture he gives of her. One feature only seems wanting to finish the portrait; he says nothing of the disposition of her mind nor of her manners. But these are not the objects which strike him: her beauty, her graceful air, and her sprightliness, have charms that ravish his soul; these are enough for him; and he imagines no greater happiness, than that of enjoying her. Irradiated by her bright eyes, he is lost in extasy: when absent from her, he languishes and wastes with desire. Would not you imagine this to be love? Erasmus thinks it is, and believes himself more in love

than any other person in the universe. But I see the source of his error: he mistakes for love the desire of enjoyment. If you would sound your heart sincerely, in order to discover by which of these two passions you are led, examine the eyes of the beauty who holds you in her chains. If her presence intimidates you, and holds your senses in a respectful submission, you love her. Love admits of no obscene idea, no sally of the imagination, by which the delicacy of the object beloved might be offended, were it possible for her to know it.

Love is chaste even in our dreams. But, if the charms which you admire make a greater impression upon your senses than upon your mind, then it is not love, but a sensual appetite. If this passion be sincere, it will never induce us to commit such acts as are injurious to conscience or honour; for whoever is capable of love, is vir-

tuous. And, on the other hand, I may venture to affirm, that whoever is virtuous, is also capable of love: for all the virtues are closely connected with each other, and the tenderness of the heart is one of them. It is a defect in the soul to be incapable of love, and deaf to the power of that tenderest of all passions.

I am not afraid that love will hurt the morals of the lover, it will rather improve them. 'Tis love that renders the heart less savage, and the temper more pliable and more humane. By loving we are accustomed to bend our will to the inclinations of the beloved object: by this means we acquire the habit of commanding, controlling, and even of suppressing our desires, and conforming our taste and inclinations to places, times, and persons. But it is a different thing, when we yield to those impulses of a sensual appetite, which gross people confound with love.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

CONSIDERATIONS on the DUTIES of ROYALTY.

Abridged from the FRENCH of Archibishop FENELON.

VIVE TIBI, ET LONGE NOMINA MAGNA FUGE.

A Greater misfortune cannot possibly happen to a prince, than to be left to govern others at an age, when perhaps he is incapable of governing himself. This will infallibly expose him to those dangers which are inseparable from state and royalty. Will not some flatterer persuade him, that kings should govern their states by certain maxims of boldness, severity, and dissimulation, and that they have a right to raise themselves above the common bounds of justice and humanity?

It is generally said of kings, that they have less to fear from particular vices, than from those errors, to which they frequently abandon themselves in the execution of their royal duties. As for my own part, (says this learned prelate) I will boldly venture to contradict it, and maintain that their conduct in private life is of infinite consequence to royalty.

Carefully examine the manners of the people, and you will soon perceive they are servile imitators of their prince, especially in those things which flatter their passions. If he has set them an example of a dishonest and criminal amour, his authority has turned infamy into honour, and has caused vice and impudence to triumph over virtue. The debauched reign of a Stuart is too strong a proof of the truth of this assertion.

Mankind are generally too fond of the counsels of those who are disposed to flatter their maxims of ambition, vanity, luxury, or avarice; but, with what reluctance do they hearken to the wise admonitions of those, who dare boldly to tell them the truth, and who scorn to flatter or deceive!—who are not dazzled by the pomp and grandeur of a court, who desire nothing in particular for themselves, who give their opinion with humility,

humility and respect, and who contradict only to prevent injury and oppression!

Princes should by no means give way to those motions of the heart, that prevent them from good and glorious actions, which nature and the good of their people point out to them, merely upon the consideration, that the execution thereof would cost them much trouble, or because that, to arrive at the end of such designs, they must perhaps disoblige those on whom they have lavished their favours. Courage and resolution are as necessary to a prince, in the management of his affairs at home, as they are in his generals abroad, who are to fight all his battles. Without this resolution, he will soon cease to be master of himself, will lose a great part of his royalty, will become the mockery of his people, and the dupe of those that surround him: whereas, on the other hand, his resolution and authority, properly exerted, will at once make him by all dreaded and beloved.

A prince should carefully study the true form of government of his kingdom. It is not sufficient for him that he know the laws which regulate the properties of lands, and other possessions, between particulars (this, without doubt, but a small part of judicial knowledge) it is that form of government which ought to be inviolably preserved between himself and his people, between himself and the neighbouring powers, that particularly demand his attention. He should carefully distinguish between anarchy, arbitrary power, and that royalty which is regulated by laws. Hence he will learn where to fix the proper boundaries to his own authority.

A prince ought to be particular in the just and timely payment of the officers of his army: it is these men, who, at the hazard of their lives, serve him and his nation from the encroachments of his neighbouring or remote enemies. That he may be enabled to do this effectually, he ought never to appoint more than the necessity of the state requires, or the revenues of that state will support. The keeping up a large standing-army in time of peace, will not only distress

him, but fill his own people with jealousies, and give them room to suspect, that these troops, which they are obliged to maintain, are maintained only to keep them in awe.

A good prince will find means to lighten the burthen of his people, by taking nothing from them but what he applies to their own use; and, in time of public distress, when the national fund is nearly exhausted, he will not only retrench the superfluities of his own household, but those of all public offices: he will reduce, not increase, the number of placemen, and contract that of pensioners.

Rewards and recompenses are justly due to those, who have faithfully discharged their office. In doing injustice to particulars by depriving them either of their lives or estates, is injuring only one family; but by suffering those able men to go unrewarded, who have distinguished themselves in their country's service, is doing an injury to the whole community.

A prince should not be fearful of admitting his subjects to a free intercourse with him, under apprehensions that they may discover his weakness. When this is the case, he generally delivers himself up into the hands of a few, without whose pleasure no one can approach him. This is giving up a great part of his royalty, and will infallibly expose him to the grossest impositions. He must no longer use his own judgment, but that of others, who will have it in their power to make him believe every thing, just as their vanity, ambition, or interest, shall direct them. He will see every thing, as it were, through a false mirror, and, however good and virtuous he may be in himself, will be hurried on to deeds destructive to himself and people. Who is he that dare approach such a sovereign without permission of the minister, whose jealousy, on all occasions, is boundless?

He should not suffer himself to be prejudiced against any one. He should not only nicely examine into the charge laid against every supposed offender, but consider the character of his accusers, not forgetting the voice of the people. It is in a manner opening the door to calumny and false reports to believe implicitly

every thing that is told him by those that surround him. He must not dream of ever reaching the truth of any thing, if he confides in particulars: at best they are but men; and, though he may think them incorruptible, yet common experience will tell him they cannot be infallible. Whatever confidence he may have in their virtue and understanding, it is nevertheless his duty to examine, whether they themselves are not deceived, and whether they do not bear a part in the deceit.

Every time a prince delivers himself up to a certain number of people, who are bound together by the same interests, and by the same sentiments, he exposes himself freely to the greatest deceit, and may by that means commit the greatest injustice.

Let us look back to history, and we shall soon find those princes, who have sometimes shut their eyes against the strongest powers of reason, and have taken rigorous measures against the innocent, merely to please those who surround them, and whom they are unwilling to displease, we shall there find those princes, who, for the same reason, removed those men from their employments, who have been universally allowed to have the greatest merit. The minions of government, when they have found all their accusations against any particular person likely to prove abortive, have at last made use of that never-failing argument, "Since it is not possible to clear up these accusations, it is best to remove this man from his employments, when he will have it no longer in his power to do ill." But this pretended precaution is of all snares the most dangerous, since it clears up nothing, and answers no other end, than that of perhaps disgracing a man of merit, and increasing the insolence of those, whom the sovereign ought to despise as his most dangerous enemies.

A prince should by no means be lavish of his favours on his minister or his creatures, while he is certain there are good men in distress, who have perhaps served him in the most perilous times, and whose merit calls aloud for his protection. The greatest defects of royalty are, generally, the love of ease, luxury, and indolence:

they are seldom determined by the real merits or defects of any one: it is too much trouble for them to enquire into the bottom of any thing, and their decisions are frequently such as their ministers chuse to make for them.

A wise and prudent prince esteems not those either of a volatile spirit, great speakers, or those who decide every thing with an air of confidence, any more than he does those who delight in mimicry, or who turn every thing into ridicule. He shuns those who think every thing equally easy, who consult nothing but his looks or his voice, that they may approve of every thing he advances. — He hastily removes, from all places of confidence, such men as he knows are destitute of honour or virtue, and supplies their places with such persons as are honest and judicious; who never solicit for, who are doubtful of their own abilities, and who are fearful of taking on themselves, employments — who promise little, but endeavour to do much — who speak seldom, but are always ready to give an answer — who are not too confident in their own opinion, but know how to contradict with respect. Such subjects often lie buried in the obscurity of low offices, while the first places in the state are occupied by lewd, bold, and daring men, who impose on the prince, and who serve only to shew how much their master wants discernment. While a prince neglects to seek hidden merit, and to suppress the importunities of ignorance and impudence, he will be responsible to God for all the faults committed by evil and wicked ministers, who are considered as acting under his authority.

That minister or favourite, who makes a trade of state matters, who converts every thing to his own private advantage, and who promotes no man but with some private view to himself, is more destructive to the state, than the sword of a conquering enemy, than plagues, pestilence, and famine.

The trade of a courtier ruins everyone else: the prelate thinks no more of his ministry; the general in the army, instead of defending the state from foreign enemies, is joining with

those at home; and the ambassador is more solicitous for his own interest at his master's court, than he is for his master's at the court where he is sent. Court business, when it once becomes a trade, spoils men of all professions, and stifles their merit.

Let a prince, therefore, carefully shun those men, whose abilities consist only in humouring his passions, and flattering his ambition, in hopes of making their own fortunes. If he

promotes such men, he will fill his offices of state unworthily, while true merit will always remain at a distance. It is his interest and his duty to set those aside, who boldly advance too forward, and to advance those who are backward in their solicitation. Upon the whole, how many are the duties of royalty!—How few princes are equal to the task!—Of all stations in life, that of a prince is least to be envied!

We are obliged to our Correspondent, whose Kindness has enabled us here to lay before our Readers a curious Historical Account and Genealogical Descent of the

C R O M W E L L F A M I L Y.

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG the several studies that engage the attention of mankind, perhaps there are none more pleasing in the pursuit, or more beneficial in its consequences, than that of Biography. Arts and sciences may, no doubt, be pursued with great avidity, and discoveries of general utility to mankind be obtained; but a particular relish of such speculations can only be enjoyed by those of correspondent dispositions with the professors of other sciences: whereas Biography is capable of communicating its pleasing and improving influences in a more extensive degree, while it is esteemed and admired, not only by those of an exalted genius, but by others of a more limited understanding. However, it is not the life of a particular person that is the subject of the following lines, but an historical account, and genealogical descent, of the CROMWELL family, that I now present you for the entertainment of your readers.

A genealogy is still extant, which appears to have been extracted from the Welch chronicles, about the year 1602, to shew the descent of Sir Henry Cromwell, then living. This Genealogy commences in the person of *Glostyan*, fifth lord of Powes, who married *Morpeth*, daughter and heiress of *Edwyn ap Tydwall*, lord of Cardigan, who was lineally descended from *Cavedig*, of whom the county

of Cardigan took the name of *Cavedigion*.

His son, *Gwaith Voyd*, was lord of Cardigan, Powes, Gwayte, and Gwaynesaye. He was wounded in battle against *Avisa*, a Scythian infidel, in defending the temple of St. David's, and died, according to the Welch chronicles, about the Norman conquest, anno 1066, and was buried at Fountain-Gate, in the parish of Cavan.

From *Gwynstan ap Gwaith*, who was second son of the above *Gwaith Voyd*, and inherited the lordship of Powes, was lineally descended, through about thirteen generations, and in about four hundred and forty years, *Morgan Williams*, who, in the reign of King Henry VIII. married the sister of Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, beheaded 1540.

Morgan Williams had a son named *Richard*, who resided at *Hinchinbrook* in *Huntingdonshire*. He was knighted by Henry VIII. not by the name of *Williams*, but *Cromwell*, after his uncle, whose heir he became. He was high sheriff for *Cambridgeshire* and *Huntingdonshire* in the reign of the above king, with whom he was in great favour; was a commander in the wars, and had grants of abbey lands in *Huntingdonshire*, to the amount of three thousand pounds per annum. This Sir *Richard Cromwell* married *Frances*, daughter of Sir *Thomas*

Thomas Murfyn, lord mayor of London in 1518, a native of Ely in Cambridgeshire*. His son, Henry Cromwell, of Hinchinbrooke, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1563. He married Joan, the daughter of Sir Ralph Warren, knight, twice lord-mayor of London, viz. in 1536 and 1543. This Sir Henry Cromwell had six sons and four daughters: of the daughters, Joan married Sir Francis Barrington, knight, created a baronet in 1611, in whose descendants the title still remains.

Elizabeth married John Hampden, Esq. of Hampden in Berks, father of John Hampden, Esq. one of the five members of parliament excepted against by King Charles I. and a colonel for the parliament, who was wounded at the skirmish at Chalgrove-field in Oxfordshire, June 18, and languished till the 24th of that month, 1643, when he died leaving issue.

His uncle, Sir Richard Steward, dying about 1620, and leaving him an estate of about five hundred pounds per annum, he thereupon immediately retired into the country.

The after displays of his genius and bravery, his great exploits, his elevation to the protectorate of the commonwealth of England in the year 1653, which he held to his death, are what every English historian amply relates; therefore shall confine this account to his family, and observe, that in 1625 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, of Felited in Essex. By this lady he had two sons and four daughters: the eldest daughter, Bridget, married first Henry Ireton, Esq. lord deputy of Ireland. He died at Limerick, Nov. 26, 1651. She soon after married Charles Fleetwood, Esq. more generally known by the name of Gen. Fleetwood, who was son of Sir William Fleetwood, cup-bearer to the kings James I. and Charles I. By him she left no issue, and died before her father.

Elizabeth, second daughter of the protector, married John Claypole, Esq. of Norfolk. She also died before her father, Aug. 7, 1658, and

his grief for her loss is supposed to have hastened his own.

His third daughter, Mary, became the second wife of Thomas Bellasye, lord viscount Fauconberg, to whom he was married with great state at Hampton-court, Nov. 18, 1657. They both died in 1700, without issue male, neither does it appear they had any.

Frances, the fourth daughter, married, first, the hon. Robert Rich, Esq. grandson to Robert, the second earl of Warwick, Nov. 11, 1657; but he died on the 16th of February following. She then married Sir John Russel, Bart. of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, ancestor to the present baronet, Sir John Russell.

Of the sons, Richard Cromwell, Esq. was the eldest son of Oliver, and was born Oct. 4, 1626, and married, in 1649, Dorothy, daughter of Richard Major, Esq. of Hursley in Hants, by whom he had several children, but only three daughters lived to maturity: the first, Elizabeth, born March 26, 1650. She spent the latter part of her life in Bedford-row, and died there unmarried, April 8, 1731, aged 81 years.

The second daughter, Anne, born March 27, 1659, became the wife of Dr. Thomas Gibson, a fellow of the College of Physicians. The doctor died about 1704, and his wife died without issue, Oct. 27, 1727.

Dorothy, the third daughter of Richard Cromwell, Esq. was born Aug. 1, 1660. She married John Mortimer, Esq. of Somersetshire, F. R. S. author of the Whole Art of Husbandry; but she died in child-bed, May 14, 1681, aged 20. It is worth observing, that this gentleman, by his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Samuel Sanders, of Derbyshire, Esq. was father of the late Cromwell Mortimer, M. D. and secretary to the Royal Society, who died Jan. 7, 1752, leaving one son, the present Hans Mortimer, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn.

It is unnecessary to mention, that Richard Cromwell, Esq. succeeded his father in the protectorate, and that he did not long enjoy that exalted station. Indeed, it was not till his father was

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* This Sir Richard Cromwell, at a solemn triumph held at Westminster, 1540, before Henry VIII. (and which was proclaimed in France, Spain, Scotland, and Flanders) overthrew two of the combatants, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Caspey.

confirmed in the protectorate that he was called to court, and made chancellor of Oxford, having till that time lived privately at Hursley in Hampshire, upon the fortune his wife brought him.

After the Restoration he went to France, and continued some years in obscurity at Paris; but, upon a rumour of a war between France and England, he removed to Geneva. About the year 1680, he returned to England, and lived many years at an house near the church, at Cheshunt in Herts, under the assumed name of Clark, where he died July 13, 1712, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

We now come to Henry Cromwell, Esq. second son of Oliver Cromwell, born about 1628. In 1653 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Russel, Bart. of Chippenham in Cambridgeshire. He resided after his marriage at Whitehall, till he was ap-

pointed lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in which station he continued till his brother Richard quitted the protectorate, when he also resigned the regency of Ireland, and retired to Chippenham, the seat of his brother-in-law, Sir John Russell. After he had lived five or six years there, he removed to his estate at Spinney-abbey, near Soham in Cambridgeshire, where he spent the remainder of his days, descending from the toilsome grandeur of governing men to the humble and happy occupation of husbandry, in which King Charles II. found him employed, in an excursion he made for that purpose from Newmarket, in the month of September, 1671. The time of Mr. Henry Cromwell's death cannot exactly be determined, though, if placed about the year 1680, the conjecture cannot be remote.

(To be continued.)

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

SOCIETY DANGEROUS TO HONEST MEN.

IF twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed men, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves, who are all furnished with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he has much to do in human affairs. The only advice, therefore, which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges, against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool; and, if the injury went no further than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation: but the case is much worse; for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him.

A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company; though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous.

Do you wonder, that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise: he is so, when he is among ten thousand. Neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts, a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous decoy, and a rapacious vulture. The civilest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous. There is some moderation and good-nature in those canibals, who eat no men but their enemies; whilst we, learned and polite and christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow.

It is the great boast of elegance and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies,

cieties, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven, that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body. It is true they have done so, they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder one another. They found them hunters and fishers of their brethren, they boast of having reduced them to a state of peace; when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war. They have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice; but they raised first that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind. Though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men, who praise philosophy from this topic, are much deceived. Let oratory answer for itself; the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm. It never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only and govern them, when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns and founders of empires: they said, "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it but a concourse of thieves and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities.

Lucretius, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm; and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I

have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bethlem, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagances of so many various madnesses, which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I meet a thousand madmen abroad without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings, of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, should pity the abuse of them more than the want.

Briefly, though a wise man could pass ever so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path, nay, go so far if he could out of the common way, that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the sons of Adam. But whither shall we fly then? Into the desarts, like the ancient hermits?

One would think, that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all, as the scripture speaks, "sold themselves to sin." The difference only is, that some are a little more crafty (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I went first to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age: I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sydney in Arcadia, or of Mons. d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon, and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey; but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia, or L Forest; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I ha

almost as good go back, and seek for it in the court, in the Exchange, or Westminster-Abbey. I ask again then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it. If by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice, " Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they that have wives be as though

they had none; but I would that all men were even as I myself."

In all cases, they must be sure that they retain the superiority and headship over it. Happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town of their country.

COWLEY.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

A JOURNEY from JOPPA to JERUSALEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

(Continued from our last.)

WE arrived at Jerusalem a little after sun-rise, fatigued to the last degree, and ready to drop off our horses with sleep. In that plight we were obliged to dance attendance at the gate for near two hours, till the cadi was stirring, without whose licence no stranger durst enter. This was worse than all the rest. However, at last came the druggeman of the Terra Sancta, with an officer from the cadi, to give us admittance, and so we went to the convent, where we were received with a good deal of civility, not to say ceremony, which to us was not only unnecessary, but quite troublesome: so, to cut the matter as short as possible, I very frankly told the padre procuratore, that, as devotion was not the principal motive of our journey, we did not assume the merit of it, and consequently were desirous of being excused from the customary farce of having our trotters washed and bussed by the padre superiore — a ceremony thought my horse much better entitled to than myself. The excuse I very obligingly complied with; and, after a dish of chocolate, we were shewn into our chamber, which was furnished with two neat little beds, to which having thrown ourselves, we were soon confined over to honest Orpheus.

About eleven o'clock, the lay-brother came to summon us to dinner in

the Refectory, along with the fathers. Accordingly we went, and were ushered up to the head of one of the long tables, and placed next to the padre procuratore; but all this in the most profound silence. I could not help sometimes laughing to myself, when I reflected how much that old adage was inverted, *'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all;* for here I counted six and forty, some as big as my wig, all wagging at once, but not the least sign of joy and mirth, nor indeed any object to inspire it: for, as to the eye, the very sight of such a parcel of ugly dirty-looking fellows must cause a secret disgust, and mutual dislike for the company of each other; besides which, the victuals bad in its kind, and most wretchedly dressed, and their harsh eager white-wine, made it altogether the most disagreeable dinner I ever sat down to.

Glad we were to get our dismission from it, and retreat with all expedition to our little cells, where, with the windows and doors close shut up, in order to exclude the fiery wind, we languished out the rest of the day, till towards the evening, when we ventured out upon the terrace to take a view of the city from thence, which is indeed far from presenting the eye with an agreeable prospect, environed as it is, on all sides, with bare and rugged mountains, affording no other verdure than here and there a few

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few olive or fig-trees, and some few spots of ground capable of producing a little corn; but, as for gardens, groves, rural retreats, or one single agreeable walk, or any of those natural elegancies that render a country pleasant and delightful, you may look for them in any other, but not in the land of Judea. In short, I can compare Jerusalem to nothing but Scanderoon or Gibraltar.

We turned out the next morning by sun-rise, in order to make the usual pilgrimatical tour of Jeremiah's cavern, the tombs of the kings, the valley of Jehoshaphat, the Virgin Mary's tomb, the garden where Christ was betrayed, mount Olivet, &c. all which places are huddled together within the compass of a casting net, that so the pilgrims, as well as their reverend conductor, may have the less trouble in visiting them; for it does not signify a twopenny piece, whether this or that was the very identical spot where such or such a thing was performed: it is enough with the ignorant bigotted herd, if you will but be so kind as to doze and stupify your understanding with a liberal potion of soporific *mystery*. Then every thing goes down—the more incredible, inconsistent, and repugnant to the common sense and experience of mankind, the nearer it approaches to *mystery*. Ask them how the *cross* happened to be burried, secure and safe, for three hundred years upon the top of a rock, under earth not sufficient to cover a crown-piece, and they will tell you—a *mystery*!—then gogle and turn up the whites of their eyes, and that is all the satisfaction you get from them.

Our first visit was to Jeremiah's

* Mr. Maundrel is of opinion, that none of the kings of Israel or Judah were buried here, unless it may be thought, perhaps, that King Hezekiah was here interred, and that these were the sepulchres of the sons of David, mentioned 2 Chron. xxxii. 33. He also observes, (though the time of his being there was fifty years before our present traveller) that the door way was then so obstructed with stones and rubbish, that it was a matter of some difficulty to creep through it; but within, the whole is so firm and entire, that each room may be called a chamber, hallowed out of one piece of marble, its sides and ceilings being so exactly square, and its angles so just, that no architect, with level and plummets, could build rooms more regular: so that, whoever was buried here, it is certain, the place discovers so great an expence, that we may well suppose it to have been the work of kings.

† The Empress Helena was of English birth, and mother to Constantine the Great, the first Christian Emperor. Many are the wonderful discoveries she made, and the acts of pious superstition she committed in the Holy Land, of which every history of that country is full.

cave; or, for aught I know, it might have been Robinson Crusoe's, or that of the celebrated Montesino: but into it we went, and out of it we came. Now, if any curious person is not completely satisfied with so particular a description of it, he would not do amiss to repair thither himself for further satisfaction.

From thence we went to the tombs of the kings, which though not in order of sanctity, are nevertheless worth seeing, as really being a most surprising work. They consist of four large apartments, cut out of the live rock with immense pains and labour. These are all four square, and the walls and roofs almost as smooth as our plastered ones. Round each cell are convenient niches, all hewn out of, or rather into, the solid rock, for the reception of the royal bodies, of which each chamber would contain about two dozen. The entrance into this place was almost stopped up with earth, so that we were at some pains to clear it away, to enable us to crawl in upon our bellies *.

After tarrying there about half an hour we crawled out again, in order to repair to our next station, that of the Virgin Mary's tomb. This also is under ground, to which you descend by a great number of stone steps. Over it is built a large dome, and in it are continually kept burning a great number of silver lamps, more especially round the tomb itself, which contains now, what it ever did, even—nothing at all; for this, which they call the *Sepulchra sanctissima*, as well as the former, were erected *bab nab at a venture*, in consequence of the dream of an old woman, the princess Helena †, to whom these mysteries were

were revealed; as was also the discovery of the *real* cross on which our Saviour was crucified: for, when I questioned the friar, from what evidence they deduced such indisputable certainty of its identity, he referred me to *The infallible Oracle of Dreams and Mystery*.

I declare I could scarce keep my countenance, and it was with difficulty I refrained from saying to him, "And is it then really thus? Is it then certain, that our future happiness depends on the wild figments of old women? Does the Eternal Wis-

dom, indeed, exact from his creatures an utter renunciation of that portion, small as it is, which he has bestowed upon them? Will nothing but an unnatural violence upon their judgment please him, who, in the justice and exactitude of his works, seems to appeal to their understanding for the propriety, I should have almost said, good sense of them? And will nothing obtain the favour of the Almighty, but believing the most glaring absurdities, or becking and bending to wood and stones?

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LETTER from a FATHER to his DAUGHTER*, ON FEMALE CONVERSATION.

TO the little care that has been taken to cultivate the mind of the fair sex is attributed their having so much a turn to dress and diversions; their trifling way of spending time, and as trifling conversation. Many of them, alas! having no fund at home, must seek for something out of themselves, to supply the woeful vacancy of thought they feel within. But, by due culture, a taste might be excited for mental pleasures, which would dispose them to a proper employment of time, and render their conversation instructive and entertaining. As their sentiments are naturally delicate and refined, their company, in general, is more engaging than that of the men, which should be no small inducement, one would think, to improve their thinking powers. But the head and the heart seem, at present, to be only subordinate considerations, if at all attended to: and what a poor figure does a woman make, even with all outward advantages, if good nature, and good-sense be wanting?

In conversation I wish you to be distinguished for sense, and a true knowledge of necessary things, rather than for a nice acquaintance with the idle fashions, and other littlenesses that seem wholly to engross the time and talk of a great number of females; a misfortune which frequent-

ly pursues them for life. A girl has learned very little, whose chief accomplishment, after much time and pains spent in her education, is the knowledge of those matters that relate merely to the adorning of her own person.

That the mind may not be occupied by little things, always propose to yourself something truly laudable to do, that may constantly engage your attention, and keep you profitably employed. When you have more time than at present, allot certain hours every day to reading, writing, translating, and transcribing, from the best authors, such passages as please, or affect you most, classing them under distinct heads, both for the sake of method, and to assist your memory. It would be of use likewise to keep a journal of daily occurrences, with your own observations, or the observations of others, upon them. And many things will occur in conversation, not unworthy of a place in your diary; such as a judicious remark, a remarkable fact, a curious anecdote, a useful hint, a gentle compliment, or a bon mot. But beware of wit and wanton humour, which are dangerous things, and may bring you into trouble. Such a method pursued for some time, would give you a habit of attention, and teach you to distinguish readily, as well

* For the character of this work see the sixth article of our Review of new Publications for last month.

well as to select and arrange your materials; which might be of advantage to you in many respects. However, till you grow expert in this sort of exercise, you must take the assistance of some person of taste and judgment, to shew you what should be rejected, and what retained, that nothing which is trifling may be allowed a place in your collection. This surely would be a more profitable way of employing time, than being almost wholly taken up about matters in which you may be excelled by very low people. How many, for instance, perform all the feats of the needle in perfection, who have little else to recommend them? And how many dance to admiration, but otherwise are of no consequence? These are mechanical things, in which the head has the smallest share; and at a certain time of life, we lose the inclination and capacity for them.

Do not mistake me, as if I imagined

that you should be indifferent about, or might dispense with, any of those genteel accomplishments that are suitable to your age, sex, and station. On the contrary, I think them highly necessary and becoming; nor must you suffer yourself to be outdone in them. I only mean that you should consider what it is that chiefly deserves your attention, and bestow the greatest care upon that. People of superior birth, fortune, or education, ought to maintain their superiority by their intellectual acquirements; in which they are not likely to be surpassed, or even equalled, by those in lower stations, who have no probability of improving themselves. When a stock of useful knowledge is not laid up in youth, life is very insipid, and old age insupportable: but to those possessed of it, it is a perpetual fund of pleasure and satisfaction, through every period, and in every circumstance of life.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

AN ESSAY ON MASQUERADE;

With an Account of one given at EDINBURGH by Lady MACDONALD,
January 15, 1773.

And VERSES by Sir ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

THE fertility of human invention hath contrived a great variety of amusements to dispel the gloom of the thoughtful, and exercise the lively activity of the gay. Amongst these, a *masquerade* has in one way or other been practised in most nations, with greater degrees of refinement indeed, as nations became more civilized and more improved in arts and in elegance. To assume feigned characters for a short space of time, under the disguise of suitable dresses, and having the faces of those who assume them concealed under masks, is the sum and substance of a masquerade. In this there is nothing inherently evil; but it has no doubt been often made subservient to licentiousness of manners, those whom modesty restrained, being by means of it set loose from that check of sensation, which in some degree supplies the place of

principle. A public masquerade, where an indiscriminate crowd of company is admitted, and where whoever has money may procure a ticket, is therefore a bad thing; but where there is a select invited party, and it is fixed, that before the end of the evening every body is to unmask, there can be no harm: for no one will say or do what is improper in a feigned character, when there is a consciousness, that before the company parts there is to be a full discovery of all the real persons.

In the warmer climates, where there is much sprightliness of fancy among the inhabitants, and an habitual readiness at repartee, a masquerade is a very common and a very suitable entertainment; but it does not seem to be well adapted for the northern region of Great Britain, where the people, though not so extremely remark-

able for taciturnity as some foreigners have imagined, are certainly more distinguished for solidity than for vivacity. Accordingly, although our imitative genius, or our unbounded desire of acquisition, which shews itself in territories, in commerce, in arts, and in amusements and follies, hath added *Masquerade* to the catalogue of British customs, we have not seen it fairly naturalized. Although our nation is composed of all kindreds and tongues, there is a tolerable uniformity. Each has lost the peculiar marking characteristic, and cannot be pointed out directly as of a foreign race; but *Masquerade*, if we personify it, has still the outlandish air in a striking degree. *Masquerade* is an *exotic*, which, like the orange-tree, and many others which luxuriantly flourish, and bear rich loads of fruit under a glaring sun; but, when transplanted into our soil, lose their native vigour, and produce only half-formed, green and tasteless, or sour fruit. These observations are applicable even to England, the southern part of our island; and accordingly it will be allowed by all who have been present at the masquerades which that country has exhibited, that, except a few oddities, such as devils, dancing bears, or other grotesque figures, the company have appeared heartily tired of the disagreeable task of attempting what they were unfit to execute.

Let us now turn to a still more unfavourable climate for masquerade.

Scotland, so far as can be gathered either from books or tradition, was very slow of adopting the amusement of masquerade in any regular form. James V. had much of the spirit of gallantry, and used to go about as a *aily beggar*, on which there is an excellent old Scottish song; but neither in his reign, nor in that of the beautiful Queen Mary, tho' she brought with her the gaiety of the court of France; nor when the Duke of York had his residence at Edinburgh, and encouraged many amusements, was a masquerade introduced. It is indeed believed, that there have been but few nations, perhaps none at all, amongst which, even in their earliest and rudest state, there have not been amusements of some kind by people dissembling themselves. Various instances

of this may be found in the accounts which travellers give us. It has been an immemorial custom in Scotland for numbers of young people to go about from house to house, in the evenings of the last days of the old year, and the first of the new one, in fantastical dresses, and from being so *disguised* they have had the name of the *Guise-arts*. These have been mostly young people of the lower sort, who in going their rounds proposed to procure a little advantage to themselves. Their practice has been to sing and dance, and sometimes perform some coarse irregular interlude, for which they receive, from every family which they visit, a small gratuity. While popery was the established religion in Scotland, and its numerous holidays were faithfully observed, especially those with which feasting was connected, the *Guisearts* used to proclaim the birth of our Saviour, and the approach of the three kings to worship him in his infancy. Their proclamation was in the French language, owing to the great intercourse which was of old between France and Scotland. It was originally thus:

*Homme est né,
Trois rois là.*

The man is born,
The three kings are there.

But from the corruption, naturally incident to those who pronounce any thing in a language which they do not understand, it has, so far as the memory of any now one alive can reach, run thus:

*Hogmenay,
Trololay.*

The first attempt in Scotland towards a masquerade, properly so called, was about the year 1696. At that time the Earl of Marchmont had several sons and daughters, who had all an uncommon degree of gaiety and spirit, and he was prevailed with to have a masquerade at the palace of Holyroodhouse, where he resided. In a strict presbyterian country, where in that age the puritanical gloomy zeal was as strong as it has ever been anywhere or at any time, the introduction of an amusement supposed to be productive of the utmost licentiousness of manners gave very great offence.

The pulpits of Edinburgh resounded with anathemas against it. Kirkton and Meldrum, two very rigid ministers of the city, were particularly violent in their declamation. The masquerade however took place; but the consequence was, that an English captain of dragoons, who was quartered in the neighbourhood, availed himself of that opportunity to carry off one of the Earl of Marchmont's daughters; and this match, which was thought a very unequal one, alarmed the people of fashion so much, that they did not wish for any more masquerades. In the year 1705, when John Duke of Argyll was commissioner to the Scotch parliament, a singular kind of genteel club or coterie, consisting both of ladies and gentlemen, was formed by the Earl of Selkirk, the distinguished *beau* of that age, under the title of *The Horn Order*. Like most institutions of the same kind, it had its origin from mere accidental whim. A horn spoon had been used at some merry meeting, and was assumed as the badge of distinction for the members of this society. They used to have parties of dancing, and sup together; and it is believed by all sensible people of that age, that nothing passed but innocent merriment. A notion however was successfully propagated at the time, that *The Horn Order* was a licentious and debauched society. The characters of several ladies suffered even in the opinion of the better sort; but the mob, who had the most extravagant idea of the profligacy of this order, figured their nocturnal meetings to be like the orgies of Bacchus, and actually believed that they danced naked promiscuously, became exasperated to a degree of fury, and at last attacked, and in a good measure demolished, the house where the order assembled.

We have mentioned this order not as a *masquerade*; for that name will hardly apply to a society of people, supposed to be without any covering at all; but we have mentioned it as a remarkable amusement in Scotland, which may be considered as having come in the place of a masquerade. There was another amusement in the year 1755 at the palace of Holyrood-

house, under the name of a *Ridotto*, which was conducted under the patronage of the Duke of Hamilton, father of the present duke, and 'Squire Eccles, an Irish gentleman. This too gave considerable offence without much reason.

To attempt, for the second time to introduce the amusement of masquerade into Scotland was reserved for Lady Macdonald, formerly the beautiful Miss Bosville of Yorkshire. Her husband, Sir Alexander, was pleased with the scheme, and they had a select invited party of very genteel company, on the 15th of January, 1773, at Duff-house, which they then possessed. In order to have the greater security for decorum, several ladies of distinction were there as matrons without masks. Of the mask there was a rich and fanciful variety. Lady Macdonald, in the character of Flora, was so charming, that if there were any truth in ancient mythology, Jupiter or Pluto must have undoubtedly made part of the company and carried her off. Sir Alexander appeared first in the character of a shotman leading a dancing bear, having a stuffed skin of that animal, which he managed with agility and drollery; and next in the character of a macaroni baker, squeaking and selling minced pies. In this last character spoke the following verses written himself.

A macaroni baker, gentlefolks,
Comes to dispense his wares and crack [dra
jokes.

Not from his wit aught sterling hope,
Wit only feeds our ears—This * fills our m
Hot from the oven the smoaking morsels co
Some minc'd with currants, and with rail
some.

Ye epicures, whose pamper'd palates sma
The sav'ry pye at banquet of Almack;
In streaming coniac drench th' uncovered b
Associate tastes with brandy to create.
Peace, drunken wretch, some squeamish b
dam cries,

Did ever mortal hear of drams in pyes?
Marry, quoth I, without or plumbs or sue
Some madams clinch the flask, and fairly t
Worship the twelve apostles in their closet.
Secure that not a living creature knows it

But to my trade—nor envy, firs, my b
In bringing grist by traffick to my mill.
To buy or not to buy!—Perchance to ste
A pye of beef, or more delicious veal.

* A Pye.

1774.
there's the rub.—For need I here subjoin,
That pilfering school-boys from these wares
purloin,
Put off the coin from Birmingham's foul forge,
The trait'rous semblance of the mighty
GEORGE.

The masquerade began at eight in
the evening, and about ten the com-
pany unmasks. There was a good
deal of dancing, then a collation, and
after that dancing again. The com-

pany were all dispersed by three next
morning. Some animadversions were
made upon this experiment by some
of the more serious people of Edin-
burgh, and abundance of ludicrous
and satirical witticisms appeared in the
newspapers. It was however a very
harmless entertainment, nor is there
any reason to apprehend that masque-
rades will become fashionable in Scot-
land.

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BY striking a few miles out of the
western road, between Basing-
stoke and Hertford-Bridge, I called
some time ago at the snug retreat of
an old friend, whom I had known
many years engaged in a military,
and a very uncommonly active life
as a clergyman, and who, besides
the children of his present leisure,
had obliged the public lately with the
volume entitled *An Essay on Happiness*.
His being from home afforded me an

opportunity of decyphering with dif-
ficulty two inscriptions he had scrawled
with a black-lead pencil in his gar-
den. As the weather must soon ob-
literate them, they are here sent you,
as too good to be thus carelessly con-
signed to oblivion.

In a shady nook was a whimsical
seat, made out of the stump of an
oak, which thus addressed me, as the
emblem of my reverend friend.

Siste gradum, te trunca voco Dodonia quercus.
Stipitis, ah! cessit pristina cura sacri.
Angulo in umbroso, tibi vile et inutile lignum,
Me dea sub nimio sole Vacuna colit.
Te juvat apricum spatiarier. Advolat hora,
Lenta meam requiem quâ tua membra petent.

Within an arbour at the upper end, from which all the objects expressed
near, at some distance, under the eye, were the following lines.

WITH heart still open to delight,
The humble scene survey :
Sweetest things to mental sight
Abounded love convey.
istant horizon round confines
From views remote our eyes ;
not unmark'd that woodbine
twines,
At times unsightly rise.
Skirts the north, alive with sheep,
that sweetly pendent down ;
dryad's shield, that eastern steep
On thickest fences crown.
gloke.

That grove, this mead, these flow'ring
sprays,
Amid the silent noon,
Full of the present God, his praise
To reason's ear attune.
Still to the slightest glimpse awake
Of simple Nature's charms :
Till beaming from that rudest brake,
Her smile thy bosom warms.
Thus learn to catch, with equal glow,
The transports of the sky,
That marks the buds of bliss below
With sympathetic eye.

A Friend and constant Reader.

THOUGHTS *on the LIBERTY of the PRESS**.

ADDRESSED TO LORD MANSFIELD.

AS to any formed design against the liberty of the press, I cannot suffer myself to be at all apprehensive of it: it is of more use and importance to a king of Great Britain, than (if possible) to any of his subjects; and this alone suffices with me to stifle and keep down every rising jealousy. In absolute despotic governments, where the will of the prince is the law of the country, where all things are administered by force and arms, and where the glory of the grand monarque is the sole end and object of the monarchy, it matters not much for him to know, what the condition of his subjects is, and what they say or think about him: but in a qualified and limited monarchy, like ours, where the king is no more than the first magistrate appointed by the people, where he is as bound to obey the laws as the meanest of his subjects, and where the well-being of these subjects is the sole end of his appointment—surely to such a prince it must be of the last consequence to know, as minutely as he can, what is doing in every corner of his kingdom; what the state and condition of his subjects; whether they enjoy plenty, proportioned to their industry; and whether, in short, the end of his kingly government be in every respect answered. All this, I say, and more, a king of Great Britain must know as he can: but—how must he know it?—

A king, let his discernment of spirits be what it will, let him pry ever so acutely into the heads and hearts of those about him, will never be able to pierce through the manifold disguises, which courtiers always know how to wrap themselves in. By courtiers are not meant those gaudy painted images which flutter about a palace, and are really nothing more than the moving furniture of it; but those, who are entrusted with the

great offices, to whom the administration of affairs is committed, and who for the most part manage and direct the reins of government as they please. And as he cannot discover, by any natural sagacity in himself, the latent principles of things, any more than the real characters of persons; so he must not expect to receive any effectual information from others. For, I suppose, it will be no satire upon any particular court, that now is, or ever was, to say, that there never was a prince, who was told by any of his servants all those truths, which it concerned him to know. At least this is a proposition I take to be so well grounded, that I do not think the severe plain-dealing of a Clarendon or the honest bluntness of a Sully, sufficient to form an exception to it. The emperor Diocletian made the difficulty of reigning well, to consist chiefly in the difficulty of arriving at the real knowledge of affairs. “Four or five courtiers, says he, form themselves into a cabal, and unite in their counsels to deceive the emperor. They say what will please their master: who, being shut up in his palace, is a perfect stranger to the real truth; and is forced to know only, what they are pleased to tell him.”

Now this great hindrance to good government, as Diocletian justly thought it, is almost, if not altogether, removed by the glorious privilege of the British constitution, of which we are speaking, the liberty of the press. By means of this, the lowest subject may find access to the throne; and, by means of this, the king has a key, if I may so call it, to all manner of intelligence: nor is there any thing, of the least importance to government, of which his majesty can long remain uninformed and ignorant. It is not meant, that he should suddenly adopt as real truth and matter of fact every thing, which may be read in the pub-

* Extracted from the Dedication to Lord Mansfield, prefixed to The Irenarch, a new publication; for an account of which see the fourth article of our Review for the present month.

lic prints: and many perhaps may think, that amidst so much misrepresentation and error, so much partiality and disguise, so much indiscriminate scurrility and abuse, he can hardly depend upon any thing at all, or take any measures from such a chaos of truth and falsehood. But of this chaos, were it ten times more so, it is indisputably certain, that very much use and very many advantages may be made. The king may be directed to find things, which he would never have thought of looking for: more than glimmerings will ever and anon appear, which will enable him to push his discoveries far, and to trace many things to their source, which would otherwise have lain hid from him. In short, from these public intelligeners, some things will be hinted, others spoken out more freely, and others presented in their full glare: and thus, upon the whole, all concerns of moment, relating either to

persons or things, will be sufficiently unfolded, and laid open before him.

Wicked and selfish ministers know all this so well, that we have often heard of great management, in corrupt courts, to stop up these channels of intelligence to the prince. They know that by them a commerce, correspondence, and union as it were, are maintained between the prince and his people. They know, that while these are so maintained, they vainly attempt to cabal, and to impose upon their master; and, if notwithstanding they will not tell him all the truth they should, yet they dare not abuse him grossly with misrepresentation and lies. Why? because discovery is instantly at hand, and likewise because disgrace and ruin will tread upon the heels of it. So that, all things laid together, the advantage to the sovereign from the liberty of the press is my great security for the continuance and preservation of it.

To the EDITOR of the LONDON MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SENSIBLE of the importance of the subject of academical education, you have, at different times, exhibited to your readers, that plan of instruction, which is pursued at Cambridge, together with the model of a projected improvement. As a rumour prevails that alterations of some consequence are meditated at Oxford, it may not be unpleasing to the parents of our English youth to be informed, how the matter stands there at present.

The exercises for the degree of *bachelor of arts* at Oxford are as follow:

1. *Disputationes in parvizo.* This exercise is a disputation upon three questions either in grammar or logic, to be held three days in every week during the full term, and to continue for the space of two hours, namely, from one to three in the afternoon. Every scholar is obliged to perform this disputation twice, and to be created senior soph, some time in his third year; and to repeat the disputation once in every term afterwards to the end of his fourth year. He is moreover enjoined to attend it, when

performed by others, during his second, third, and fourth years.

This exercise is constantly held, as the statute directs, and occasionally superintended by the proctors, or the masters of the schools. So long as the magistrate is present, the disputation is maintained; but it cannot be supposed, during his absence, to be carried on with any great degree of vigour. The questions, as might reasonably be expected from their subject matter, and frequent discussion, are trite and uninteresting. The senior soph, once in every term, comes into the school where the disputation is held, and proposes one syllogism; which, being done purely to satisfy the letter of the statute, *juramenti gratia*, is commonly styled *doing jura-ments*. The article of attendance is, by universal consent, totally neglected and forgot.

2. *Answering under bachelor.* This exercise is a disputation upon three questions, in logic for the most part, but sometimes in grammar, rhetoric, ethics, or politics. It is to be held twice by every scholar, some time in

his third or fourth year, and to continue for the space of an hour and an half. This disputation, as the title of it intimates, is held under the *moderamen* of a determining bachelor.

This exercise is performed much in the same manner as the preceding, except that, as it is held in Lent, the schools are more frequently visited by the proctors and masters.

3. *Examination.* The statutable examiners are three regent masters, to be appointed in rotation by the senior proctor. Any other regent master may concur in the examination if he pleases. The number of scholars to be examined in the same day or class may not exceed six. They are to be examined in grammar, rhetoric, logic, ethics and geometry, and in the Greek classics; they are also required to speak the Latin tongue with fluency. The vice-chancellor and proctors are enjoined to attend examinations, the former twice in every term, the latter four times each, in order to see that they are duly and statutably carried on.

The appointment of examiners by rotation has long since been disused; and the number of regents constantly resident in the university is so small; that it would be extremely troublesome, if not absolutely impracticable, to resume it. In the present method, the candidate solicits three masters to be his examiners, and then obtains the proctor's appointment or *liceat*. The masters usually permit him to chuse his own classics. It seldom hap-

pens that more than two or three candidates are examined in the same day; frequently only one. The statute lays no injunction upon scholars to attend examinations, and it is become rather unusual so to do. No other master ever assists at the examination, besides those appointed in the *liceat*.

The learned author of the pamphlet, from which I have given you this extract, observes, that, although when we survey the scheme of exercises, laid down by the statutes, we find much to approve, and little to reprehend, yet, when we come to view it as reduced to practice, and exemplified in the schools, we too frequently discover little more than the outlines of a laudable system, the essential and interior parts of which have long since disappeared.

After he has exhibited the most material defects in the course of education at Oxford, and the proper remedies, he lastly endeavours to convince his academical readers of the expediency of engaging the countenance and the protection of the friends of the university, by reviving and improving the true salutary spirit of her ancient discipline, and institutions; and by labouring to render them every day more conducive to the advancement of religion and learning.

That the efforts of this worthy person may be attended with success, is the hearty prayer of

THOUSANDS.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.
FIDELIA AND ERNESTUS.
THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

*Ah! few and full of sorrow are the days
Of miserable man, whose life decays
Like flow'rs that wither in their bud, that fade
At noon, and live not till the ev'ning shade!*

She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more!

ROWE.

EVEN the childish years of Ernestus afforded lessons of prudence to those youths who were so happy as to be connected with him in friendship. He was accustomed to speak but little, but even that little was to the purpose.

He had the art, to know when it was proper to quit the pursuit of study, and join in the mirth of his playmates. He digested what he read, and hence he learned to be just, humane, and beneficent; ever ready to forgive

give a fault in another, and to acknowledge one in himself. His very amusements turned to his instruction : he rose early every morning to cultivate a little spot in the garden, which his father had given him. He contemplated the wonderful works of nature, and surveyed the amazing operations of the hand of Providence. For some minutes together he has been gazing on his little republic of bees, and often heard expressing himself to this purpose : " How these little animals toil to produce sweets for mankind, who, not content with robbing them of the fruits of their labour, most ungratefully murder them ! " The blushing rose in the morning would sometimes catch his eye, and thus awaken his reflexions : " How beautiful is that rose to look on ! How the dew of the morning glistens in the beams of the sun, which dart on that wonderful piece of nature ! Yet all thy lustre, O beautiful rose ! will only tempt the hand of some cruel spoiler to crop thee in all thy glory. Sweet for a short time, you will give pleasure to his senses ; but, before the sun shall leave us, and sink into the bosom of the west, you will, perhaps, be neglected, thrown away, and trampled under foot ! Life is but the emblem of a bower : we bloom in the morning, we ficken beneath the heat of the noon-day sun, wither, fall, and are forgotten in the evening ! "

Such was the character of Ernestus in the very early days of his life. What wonder, if such promising blossoms in time ripened into the most pleasing fruit. From this unfinished picture of Ernestus, let us view that of Fidelia ; let us view it in that period of life, when the heart is a stranger to deceit, when the mind is uncorrupted by dangerous examples, and when female innocence is a stranger to those artifices, for which the unthinking part of mankind throw an odium on the sex, but of which they themselves are in reality the authors.

Even at that age, how amiable was Fidelia ! Tall and graceful was her figure, and something like majesty appeared in every step she took. Though her skin was not quite so white as alabaster, and the lily and

the rose were not painted on her cheeks with that enchanting lustre, which we find in the most perfect models of beauty, yet she had a look so sweet and amiable as made more than ample amends. Whether she joined in the dance, or applied her fingers to the guittar, she charmed every one present, though she herself was the only one ignorant of those perfections. Her needle formed such rich figures from the productions of nature, in their genuine colours, that made even Nature herself look down on Fidelia with an eye of jealousy.

When she joined in company with those of her own age, and discoursed on some of the most amusing passages of history, every tongue was silent, and one would almost have been tempted to believe, that the goddess of wisdom was descended again to instruct the rising generation. Her temper was as pliable as the twig of the tender ozier, which she bent what way she thought the most prudent ; but anger and passion were unknown to her. Her dress was plain, but neat, and there was something in it of a natural and easy simplicity, which charmed more than all the false finery of modern embellishments ; and, though not dressed in the mode of the times, yet it was impossible for any one justly to accuse her of the want of that ornament of her sex, neatness. Her toilet engrossed little of her time ; for every thing she wore was soon taken off and put on.

Happy it is for mortals, that Providence has drawn an impenetrable veil over the long roll of fate, and that we are continually kept in suspense between hope and fear. Hence we contentedly travel through the short journey of human life, despising present difficulties, in hopes of obtaining our future prospects of ease and happiness ; and, should we at last be disappointed, yet the silent grave will put a period to our misery, as well as to the momentary happiness of the most splendid mortal.

Scarcely were Fidelia and Ernestus arrived at the age of discretion, than love, the tenderest of all passions, laid the foundation of their ruin. Why is thy reign, O love ! fullied by those acts of tyranny and cruelty, of which you afford us so many fatal examples ?

examples? Why is that passion, which was undoubtedly intended to unite the sexes by the tenderest of all human ties, and make the craggy circuit of life in some measure smooth and agreeable, why is it to be the

author of so many woes? And why are the amiable Fidelia and Ernestus doomed to feel the awful weight of thy mighty, but wanton and capricious power?

(To be continued.)

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.

Description of the curious Time-Piece in Mr. Cox's Museum.

EMBELLISHED WITH A CURIOUS ENGRAVING.

AMONG other great works now introduced at Mr. Cox's Museum is an immense *Barometer*, of so extraordinary a construction, that by it the long-sought for, and in all likelihood the only *perpetual motion* that ever will be discovered, is obtained. The constant revolution of wheels moving in vertical, horizontal, and other directions, is not only physically produced, but the indication of time from an union of the philosophic with the mechanic principles is effected. Upon the dial, besides a minute and an hour hand, is another hand dividing the minute into 60 equal parts. These hands are motionless, till affixed to the primary motion, so that the motion of the time-piece (as Mr. Cox in his descriptive inventory judiciously expresses it) is originated, continued, and perfected, by the philosophic principle through which it is (solely) actuated.

The encouragement Mr. Cox has, for many years, given to men of genius, and the perseverance with which he has pursued the great line of utility, have not only given birth to productions that have astonished all Europe, as well as the eastern world, but have at last produced the wonderful machine above described. Several of the most eminent philosophers and mathematicians in this kingdom, who have examined it attentively, are of opinion, that it will lead to farther improvements both in philosophy and mechanics; and we hear that Mr. Cox intends to devote a part of every week

to the gratification of such gentlemen in the scientific world, as wish to be acquainted either with the construction or the mode of operation, the principles of action, or the masterly execution of so capital a performance. This article is, we are informed, one of the prizes, and the work of many years, during which time numberless ineffectual and expensive trials were made, which perhaps would have damped any ardour but Mr. Cox's, and probably prevented the world from ever being benefited by so valuable a discovery.

"I have seen and examined (says Mr. James Ferguson, in a letter dated Bolt-court, Fleet-street, Jan. 28) the above-described clock, which is kept constantly going, by the rising and falling of the quicksilver in a most extraordinary barometer; and there is no danger of its ever failing to go: for there is always such a quantity of moving power accumulated, as would keep the clock going for a year, even if the barometer should be taken quite away from it. And indeed, on examining the whole contrivance and construction, I must with truth say, that it is the most ingenious piece of mechanism I ever saw in my life."

For a further account of this extraordinary machine, see Mr. Cox's descriptive Inventory of his Museum.

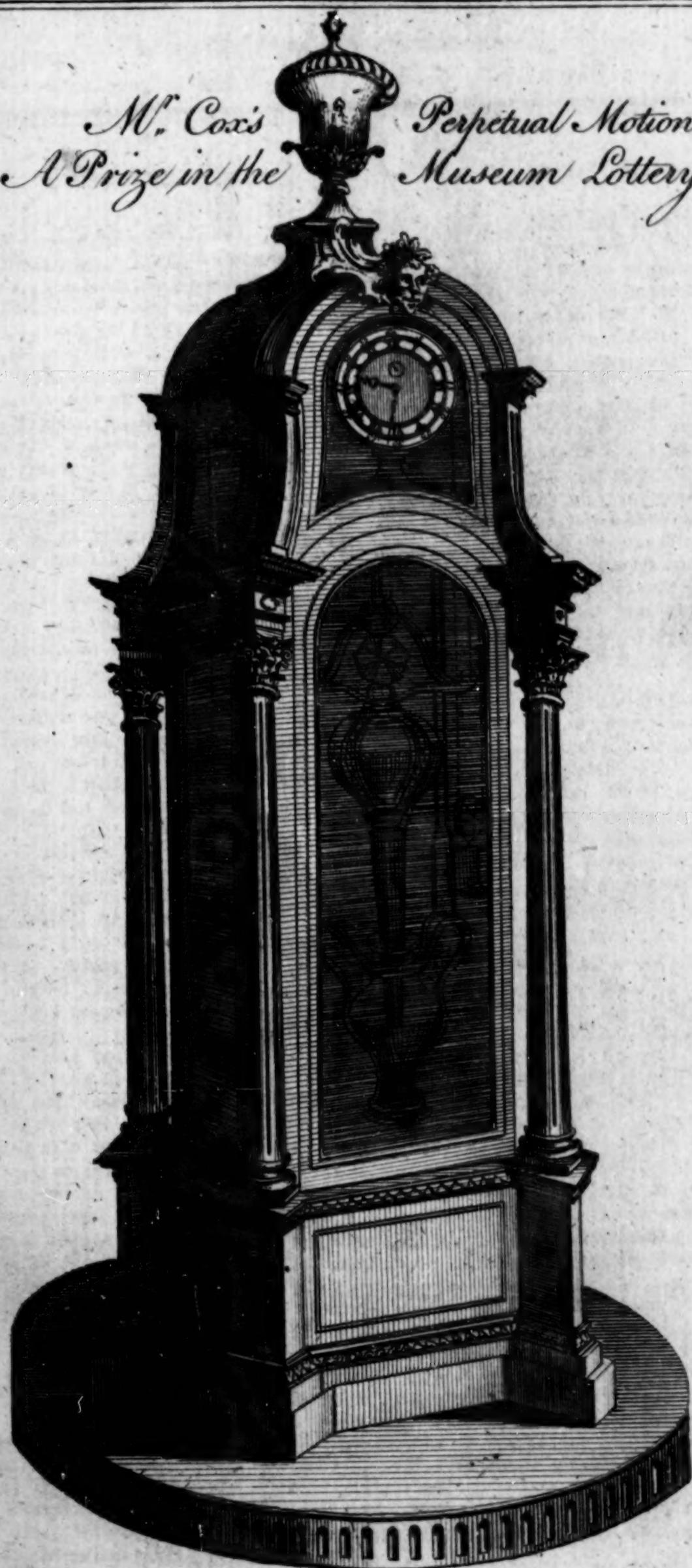
We hope to be able to procure a SECTION of the whole construction of this wonderful piece of mechanism for a future number of our Magazine.

MATHEMATICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

QUESTION proposed by Mr. JOHN PURNELL.

BY varying the inclination of the sides of a rhomboides, we observe that one diagonal thereof increases, and the other decreases. Now, although the diagonals of the rhomboides are variable quantities, while the inclination of the sides vary, yet the sum of their squares is ever the same, or a constant quantity. Required the demonstration?

M. Cox's Perpetual Motion.
A Prize in the Museum Lottery.



J. Lodge sculp.



An Impartial Review of New Publications.

ARTICLE I.

A New System, or an Analysis of ancient Mythology: wherein an Attempt is made to divest Tradition of Fable, and to reduce the Truth to its original Purity. By Jacob Bryant, formerly of King's College, Cambridge, and Secretary to his Grace the late Duke of Marlborough during his Command abroad, &c. 2 vols. 4to. 21. 4s. Payne.

In this work is given an history of the first ages of the world, from the Deluge to the Dispersion; as also of the various migrations which ensued, and the settlements made afterwards in different parts. What Mr. Bryant advances in the course of these volumes is in a great measure new; and he confesses himself obliged to run counter to many received opinions, which length of time, and general assent, have in a manner rendered sacred. "What is truly alarming, (says our author) I shall be found to differ not only from some few historians, as is the case in common controversy, but in some degree from all; and this in respect to many of the most essential points, upon which historical precision has been thought to depend."

In the prosecution of the system before us, the author does not amuse the reader with doubtful solitary extracts, but collects all that can be obtained upon the subject. "I shall endeavour (says he) particularly to compare sacred history with profane, and move the general assent of mankind to the wonderful events recorded. My purpose is not to lay science in ruins; but, instead of isolating, to build up, and to rectify what we have impaired; to divest mythology of every foreign and unmeaning ornament; to shew, that all the rites and mysteries of the Gentiles were only so many memorials of their principal ancestors, and of the great occurrences to which they had been witnesses. Among these memorials, the chief were the ruin of mankind by a flood, and the renewal of the world in one family. They had symbolical representations, by which these occurrences were commemorated, and the ancient hymns in their temples were to the same purpose. They all related to the history of the first ages, and the same events, which are recorded by Moses."

Mr. Bryant's view in this publication is to give a new turn to ancient history, and to place it upon a surer foundation. The mythology of Greece is a vast assemblage of obscure traditions, which have been translated from the earliest times. They were

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described in hieroglyphics, and have been veiled in allegory. A great part of this intelligence has been derived to us from the poets, by which means it has been rendered still more extravagant and strange. We find the whole, like a grotesque picture, blazoned high, glaring with colours, and filled with groups of fantastic imagery, such as we see upon an Indian screen, where the eye is painfully amused, but whence little can be obtained, which is satisfactory and of service. We must however make this distinction, that in the allegorical representations of Greece there was always a covert meaning, though it may have escaped our discernment. In short, we must look upon ancient mythology as being yet in a chaotic state, where the mind of man has been wearied with roaming over the crude consistence, without finding one spot where he could repose in safety.

When we attempt to speak of the merits of this performance, we are aware that caution and candour should direct the pen of the critic, who gives his opinion of a work equally laborious as learned, and of which the few that are capable of reading it will probably be divided in their opinions: we shall only say, that Mr. Bryant has our warmest wishes, that he may appear to have fulfilled those great promises he has made in his preface.

II. *A Discourse on the different Kinds of Air, delivered at the anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society. Nov. 30, 1773.* By Sir John Pringle, Bart. President. Published at their Request. 4to. 1s. 6d. Nourse.

When we first read the title of this pamphlet, we supposed that Sir John Pringle, Bart. was the author of it; but we find, on perusing the work, that he is little more than editor, and that the Rev. Joseph Priestley, doctor of laws, gave birth to it. This reminds us of a well-known circumstance something similar to the present case. The sexton of the chapel, where the late Dr. Sherlock preached before he was advanced to the dignity of the lawn, whenever it was remarked, that the doctor had always a genteel and crowded audience, he would put in his claim, and very judiciously observe that, though Sherlock preached, he tolled the bell. To apply this to the present point, Dr. Priestley preaches, and Sir John Pringle, Bart. President of the Royal Society — tolls the bell!

We mean not by this to lessen the merits of this performance: on the contrary, we

are always happy in producing every new proof, that philosophy and science are not yet totally involved in ignorance and barbarism; and we flatter ourselves, that there are yet many readers who will peruse this pamphlet with pleasure.

The author seems happily to have improved on what has been said on the subject by Lord Bacon, Mr. Boyle, Dr. Hook, and several other experienced philosophers. From these he has collected the choicest materials, which appear to have received very singular advantages from the hand of so able a workman as Dr. Priestley.

III. *One more Proof of the iniquitous Abuse of Private Madhouses.* By Samuel Bruckshaw, late of Stamford in Lincolnshire. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Kearsley.

If the matters related in this pamphlet be really facts, they are indeed most lamentable, and afford a striking instance of the glorious chicanery of the law. We are here presented with a scene of "magistrates shamefully interfering in a private dispute, and prostituting their authority to gratify the malevolence of their pot-companions. Fearful of the consequences of their illegal prostitution of their office, they plunge yet deeper into iniquity, and under a charge of insanity, (a charge since acknowledged by the principal culprit to be utterly without foundation) they drag the wretched victim of their despotic violence from his business, confine him in a gaol, load him with irons, and are not ashamed to call in the aid of a keeper of a private mad-house: in which (having artfully deceived his friends residing at a considerable distance) they prolong his confinement for near a year, to the total ruin of his fortune and character." The injured party sought his remedy at law; but unfortunately, as is frequently the case, he has found the remedy no less fatal than the disease.

IV. *The Irenarch; or, Justice of the Peace's Manual.* Addressed to the Gentlemen in the Commission of the Peace for the County of Leicester. By a Gentleman of the Commission. 8vo. 2s. Payne.

To this pamphlet is prefixed a very long dedication to Lord Mansfield, at the beginning of which the writer informs his lordship, that this little piece "is of the fugitive kind — one of those minute, detached, volatile productions, which just emerge, continue visible for a while, and then, if left to themselves, vanish for ever into darkness and oblivion." We hope that will not be the fate of this pamphlet, the writer of which is certainly a gentleman and a scholar: the first is proved by his moderation, candour, and impartiality; and the latter, every one who shall read this pamphlet will not hesitate a moment to allow.

Brevity obliges us to pass over many ex-

cellent passages in this dedication, before arrive at the following: "My Lord, I am far from meaning to abuse you, so certainly do not mean to flatter you. I suppose you inconsistent: I can go further I can believe, that from prejudice and passion you may be carried occasionally to wrong. All this is human. Why m complete unerring knowledge on the one hand, and complete unrelenting depravity on the other, be ascribed to any single person? Mankind assuredly are not so formed: they are a mixture of qualities, and happy is whose good shall be found to overbalance the bad. Addison, speaking of the intellectual part, delivers it as his opinion, and I own it is mine, that 'if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between the wise and the foolish. Numberless reveries, extravagancies, and vanities pass through both. The great difference is, that the former knows how to pick and choose his thoughts properly, while the latter brings out every thing at random.' Why not then, son thus on the *moral*? there being in all probability very ungracious principles or sentiments in the compositions of the very best men, whose reputation oftentimes proceeds not from their skill in hiding bad qualities, but from any real display of good ones."

In this manner our author handles every argument he uses, and towards the conclusion of his dedication thus addresses his lordship: "Suffer me to declare, as I can with the greatest seriousness and truth, that it has been drawn up, and is here published, with the sole view of promoting the public good; that the design of it is, not to discourage, but to abate the suspicions, the anxiety, the fears of any true friend to liberty, so reasonable and so necessary to guard and preserve an excellent constitution and system of law; but only to regulate those suspicions, to moderate their zeal — not so much as to embrace the cause of any particular party, as to mark what possibly may have been done amiss by all parties; and, upon the whole, to infuse a spirit, and set an example of gentleness, moderation, peace, and honour, of which they seem all to be in need."

Even the commands of brevity will not permit us to pass over unnoticed what an elegant writer has remarked on the laws of preceding ages. "There was a time (says he) in this kingdom, when letters of attainder followed, that whoever could prove himself guilty in a court of justice, able to read a single verse in the Testament, was vested with the highest privileges. In those enlightened days, a rector of a parish, we are told, going to law with his parishioners about the church, quoted this authority as St. Peter: *paveant illi, non paveant* which he construed, *they are to pay church, not I.* And this was allowed

law by a judge, who was an ecclesiastic. If the clergy had then, as they are said to have had, all the learning among them-selves, what a blessed state must the laity have been in! And so indeed it appears; there is extant an old act of parliament, which provides, that 'a nobleman shall be entitled to the benefit of his clergy, even though he cannot read; and another law, by Judge Rolls in his Abridgment, forth, that 'the command of the sheriff his officer, by word of mouth, and without writing, is good: for it may be, that either the sheriff nor his officer can write or not.' Who can say, that such halcyon may not return? When I contemplate ignorance and dissipation of the great, on the little are sure to follow — when I consider their not only neglect, but even contempt of letters; their gambling and low sentiments; their luxury, and the avarice, vanities, and selfishness, which prevail among them, I can scarce forbear exclaiming, that *signs following signs lead on the way year.*"

Thus much for the dedication to this best work, from which the reader will find an extract in the preceding part of this Magazine, containing the writer's thoughts on liberty of the press. After this dedication follows *The Irenarch*, which is the conclusion of the work, written by another hand. It contains an enquiry into the origin of offices, the nature, extent, and limits of office, the qualifications necessary in the discharge of that trust, and several other important points, which we must here omit.

The Justice and Utility of Penal Laws in the Direction of Conscience examined, in Reference to the Dissenters late Application to Parliament, &c. 8vo. 2s. Dilly.

This pamphlet, like the preceding article, is a very sensible and judicious performance, a disgrace to a free country, in which life and property of every individual is to be more effectually secured than in any other part of the globe, that any candid reader should have occasion to take up the defence of liberty of conscience in such matters. This is opening a spacious field to our view; but the author of the work before us has so successfully treated every part of it, that nothing more is necessary than to recommend it to a serious and impartial examination. However, we lay before our readers an extract from that section of this work, and leave them to determine for themselves.

The very idea (says our author) of forcing men to believe, contrary to their judgment, is ridiculous beyond expression; and I could have thought, that such a scheme had never have entered into the human heart. We cannot perhaps without a

smile, in this age, read what a venerable bishop, father of the French history, gravely remarks: that 'when a certain Jew could not be persuaded to receive the christian faith, Chilperic (then king of France) ordered him into custody, that since he could not make him believe with a willing mind, he might at least force him to believe against his will.' But the matter becomes somewhat more serious, when we find the same principles adopted in our own country, and avowed by protestant writers: that 'it is every man's true interest, not to be left wholly to himself in the business of religion, but that care should be taken in an affair of so great concernment to him that he may be brought, even against his own inclination, if it cannot be done otherwise, to act according to reason and sound judgment.' And to make what is so compleatly ridiculous in itself become truly serious in its consequences, we too have penal laws to force men to believe even against their will, and to oblige them to resist their own reason and judgment. These remains of barbarism and gothic ignorance can bring no honour to the British legislature. Indeed, the mildness and equity of government hath, for some time, prevented their injurious effects.

"But it must appear evident, that the judgment and persuasion of our own minds, and our own sentiments about religion and virtue, can never be a subject of contract between us and the state, so as to give others a right over our reason and knowledge, and thus over our opinions and faith. A surrender of this kind, were it possible, would be one of the greatest injuries that could happen to society, and the most affecting loss that any individual could sustain. It would be the loss of that which gives us the privilege of ourselves, and which, if I may be allowed the expression, makes us our own.

"Mr. Locke well observes, 'no man can so far abandon the care of his own salvation, as blindly to leave it to the choice of any other, whether prince or subject, to prescribe to him what faith or worship he shall embrace.' No man's personal interest can be of greater moment, or more desirable, to others than it is to himself. There can be no reason, therefore, why any one should commit this important object to the pleasure and direction of other men. It is the undoubted right of every one to consult his own happiness, and to provide for the welfare of his own mind. No other person can be so much concerned in that business, nor has any body of men a right to take that affair upon themselves; for if any civil government has more business with me, than I have with myself, or a greater interest and a more extensive property in me than I have in myself, I am then no longer in the state of a moral agent, no more allowed to judge and chuse what is most advantageous to my own

nature and existence, but am as much in the possession, and at the disposal of the magistrate as his cattle."

VI. *St. Thomas's Mount. A Poem. Written by a Gentleman in India.* 4to. 2s. 6d. Dodsley.

Surrounded with every fear that diffidence and sensibility can inspire, the author has submitted this poem to public inspection. We believe this is the first attempt to celebrate a place so much admired, and which has been in the possession of the English for such a length of time. The author is young, and he tells us this is the first attempt he has made to gain the favour of the Muse: we would advise him to pursue it, since the poem before us produces many lines that are flowing and harmonious, and poetically descriptive of the object they are intended to celebrate.

VII. *The Earl of Douglas. An English Story. From the French of the Countess D'Arnois.* 3 vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d. Baldwin.

We find from the title-page of this work, that it is the production of the translator of Dorval, *Observations on the Greeks, Christiana Queen of Sweden, &c. &c.* Little need be said in recommendation of these volumes, which make their appearance under such respectable advantages.

VIII. *The Fortune-Teller.* 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Bew.

Amidst the variety of professions that have introduced themselves into the republic of Letters, we do not remember ever before to have met with a *fortune-teller*, unless critics may be so called; but they are generally distinguished by the more significant title of *conjurers*.

Let us, however, see what are the pretensions of this new adventurer, who is now at our gates, and humbly claims an admittance.

"A Fortune-Teller (says our author) is a creature equally contemptible in the opinion of one part of the sensible world, as he is ridiculous in the opinion of the other. When it is remembered, that all professions have their portion of finesse, that under the colour of fair-dealing, and the sanction of honesty, thousands are daily duped and defrauded, he humbly hopes the poor Fortune-Teller will not appear the most deceitful of all beings.

"Had the Fortune-Teller been bred to the law, would he have moved in a more inoffensive sphere? Would the fleecing of his clients, the feeding them with cruel and fallacious hopes, in spite of his own strong convictions, have constituted him in any degree an honest man, than making his advantage of the voluntary liberalities of his visitors, in return for his appearing a few hours in the character of the Delphic divinity?

"Devoted to the church would the master have been in any degree mended? Abilities may indeed have been the same in ages: but appearances never were forgotten till within these late years.

"A physician — What a farce would have run through! With sapient aspect and demure address, must he not have prescribed large doses for the dying wretch, in order to compensate his loving brother and coadjutor the apothecary, for his recommendation of his visits? Thank heaven, in this comparative view, the Fortune-Teller is a failure.

"A courtier — Horrible contrast! The little duplicates practised by the Fortune-Teller are innocent as infant dreams, if compared with those of a thorough-paced courtier, who, in the character of an humble servant to all mankind, deceives, plunders, and destroys at will.

"To bound to the opposite stream, the catalogue may be complete — Had he been a trader, would he have avoided temptation of deceiving? Buying and selling are widely different transactions; as every species of imposition or deception requires its share of address, so behind a courtier, and under the mask of surly honest he might have been guilty of ten-fold greater falsehoods, than in a profession necessarily a knowledge of life put him upon choosing.

"Since this is undoubtedly the case, Fortune-Teller hopes he shall escape that sure, even from the most rigid, he shall have otherwise incurred; and that, if with candour, his faults will appear to be rather the result of ingenuity than baseness or compulsion than election."

Thus have we laid before our readers pretensions of this writer; but what may their judgment of the propriety of his claim only can determine. For our part, we are far from thinking ill of him. There runs through the whole of these volumes a kind of *je ne sais quoi*, which makes them pleasing and in some measure instructive. In short, the Fortune-Teller is in every respect, the language not excepted, a novel. If variety may be considered a merit in works of this kind, there is no fear of the success of the work before us, since it is as motley as the jacket of a *jequin*.

IX. *The School for Husbands.* Written by a Lady. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Bew.

These volumes contain a series of letters, most of which are from the Hon. Edmund Dashwood to Sir Francis Mostyn, Bart. we think they might, with equal propriety, have been inscribed, from Tom Thumb or Jack the Giant-killer, since either of these illustrious personages might as well be supposed to have written these letters, as any honourable gentleman or lady whatever.

A I R.

Larghetto Dolce.

the wound - - ed Mind;
 tr.
 Soothieir Com - - fort find;
 Mu - of Tears at - tend!
 tr.
 Lead - tue's Friend.
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Feb.

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ICAL

A FAVOURITE

By Mr. HARINGTO

Larghetto Dolce.

72

Gen - - tle Airs sweet Joys im - part,

Sooth - ing Sounds re - - lieve the Heart,

Mu - - sic still thy Charms dif - - - pense, Oh,

Lead to chear - ful In - no - cence, Rea

THE NEW AIR.

GTON, of BATH.

Balm to heal the wound - - ed Mind;

Sor - rows here their Com - - fort find;

e, Oh, still this Vale of Tears at - tend!

Rea - son's Aid and Vir - - tue's Friend.

MISS BOSCAWEN'

A musical score for two voices, arranged in four staves. The top two staves are for the soprano voice, and the bottom two are for the alto voice. The music is in common time (indicated by '3' over '4') and consists of measures with various note values and rests. The notation includes a basso continuo line with dots and a treble clef. The music is divided into four systems by vertical bar lines.



ПТИЧЬИ УНОВАНИЯ

ПТИЧЬИ УНОВАНИЯ

EN'S MINUET.



U.S. MARIA

AM 29

INUET.

A handwritten musical score for a single melodic line, consisting of five staves of music. The music is written on five-line staves, with the notes and rests indicating the pitch and rhythm. Various dynamic markings are present, including 'tr.' (trill), 'p.' (piano), and 'f.' (forte). A rehearsal mark '3' is located on the third staff, with a bracket underneath it, indicating a repeat of the previous section. The handwriting is in black ink on a light-colored background.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

*For the LONDON MAGAZINE.*IMITATION des METAMORPHOSSES
d' OVIDE.*En vers libres, héroïques, & burlesques.**(Continued from our last.)*

DEUCALION & PYRRHA sauvés du Deluge.

FIN DE CE FLEAU.

Separat Aenios, &c. v. 313.

ENTRE la Béotie antique,
Et cet état qu'on nomme Attique,
Est la Phocide, autrefois beau pays,
Fertile en grain, en fort bons fruits ;
Mais, alors, la pauvre Phocide
Gissoit aussi sous la plaine liquide.
C'est là qu'on voit encor les sommets or-
gueilleux
Du Pinde et du Parnasse élevés jusqu'aux
cieux.
Ce fut, au milieu du déluge,
Pour Deucalion un refuge,
Où seul en une barque enfin il aborda,
Avec son épouse Pyrrha ;
Et, dès qu'ils ont mis pied à terre,
Tous deux commencent leur priere :
Ils adorent les dieux cachés dans le valon,
Toutes les doctes sœurs, et leur chef Apollon,
Qui pour eux avoient fait le plus grand des
miracles,
Sans oublier Thémis qui rendoit ses oracles.
Jamais on ne connut un couple si pieux,
Si juste, et si chéri des dieux.
Jupin, content de son ouvrage,
Voyant flotter le monde en un grand maré-
cage,

Et que, d'un milion de vivants,
Il ne restoit que ces deux innocents,
Offrant toujours aux dieux leurs plus humbles
hommages,
Fait souffler Aquilon, dissipe les nuages,
Rend au ciel la sérénité,
Le calme à l'onde, au soleil sa clarté,
Et, réprimant enfin sa terrible colère,
Fait voir la terre au ciel, et le ciel à la terre.
Neptune aussi dévenu bien plus doux,
De la mer soulevée appaise le courroux,
Dépose son trident ; sa majesté divine
Voyant alors Triton en sa conque marine,
Et qui pressoit la surface des flots,
L'appelle à haute voix, lui dit, en peu de mots,
D'annoncer la retraite aux rivieres, aux flots.
Le musicien pourpré, sans qu'on le lui
repete,
Embouche aussitôt sa trompette,
Dont le son, pénétrant et clair,

Agitant l'eau, dilatant l'air,
Est entendu par toute l'onde
De l'un à l'autre bout du monde.
Dès que le signal fut donné,
A son devoir chacun fut ramené,
Dans les eaux comme sur la terre,
Où le Triton fit un bruit de tonnerre ;
Docile à ses bruyants accords,
Déjà la mer est rentrée en ses bords,
Chaque fleuve, chaque riviere,
A repris son cours ordinaire,
Chacun d'eux, comme auparavant,
Coule en son lit paisiblement :
L'eau décroissant reproduit les montagnes,
Les collines, les bois, les villes, les campagnes
Les arbres sont de feuilles dépouillés,
Et de limon encore tout souillés.
Le monde enfin semble renaitre,
Mais aussi triste qu'il put l'être
Deucalion, la larme à l'œil,
Touché d'y voir un si grand deuil,
Une si lugubre apparence,
Enfin un si morne silence,
Poussant de longs soupirs, et d'un ton lan-
goureux,
Apostropha sa femme en ces termes piteux :
Chere Pyrrha, ma sœur et tendre épouse,
Qui ne fus ni espiégle ni jalouse,
O reste précieux du genre feminin,
Qu'a conservé le ciel benin,
Toi que le sang et les nœuds d'Hymenée
Ont pour toujours jointe à ma destinée,
Et dont tous les périls aussi grands que les
miens
Referrent en ce jour de si tendres liens,
Dans ce vaste pays que le soleil éclaire,
Il ne reste que nous, nous seuls peuplons la
terre,
Nous sommes le seul couple heureux
Sauvé de ce naufrage affreux ;
Pourtant, grace à la Providence,
Quoique nous ayons espérance
D'échaper à ce grand malheur,
Ces nuages épais m'inspirent la terreur.
Si j'eusse aussi bu l'onde amère
Que ferois tu seule sur terre,
N'ayant personne à qui parler,
Personne pour te consoler ?
Pour toi, chere Pyrrha, si la mer t'eut ravie,
Bientôt, au fond des flots ton époux t'eut
suivie ;
J'eusse subi ton sort, et tout cet amas d'eau
Seroit présentement notre commun tombeau.
Ah ! que ne suis-je assez habile,
Pour former des hommes d'argile !
Et nouveau Prométhée, infuser en leur corps
Un feu divin, qui puissé en mouvoir les res-
orts ;

Car,

Car, hélas ! telle fut la volonté céleste,
De tout le genre humain nous deux sommes
le reste.

NIJET DESBRIERES,
Bachelier en droit de l'Université
d'Orléans.

(To be continued.)

Fautes à corriger dans le dernier *Magasin*.—v. 23, ajoutez, Les épis en sont renversés.—v. 57, lisez, Que jusqu'alors on avoit adorées. — v. 60, lisez, leur faîte. — v. 102, lisez, Et ceux qui n'avoient pas esuyé ce destin.

PROLOGUE
To the new Comedy of
THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

Spoken by Mr. Woodward.

(Enter as an Author with a Manuscript.)

SEE here, goods folks, how genius is abus'd !
A play of mine !—the manager refus'd !
And why ?—I knew the reason well enough—
Only to introduce his own damn'd stuff.
Oh ! he's an arrogant, invidious elf,
Who hates all wit, and has no wit himself !
As to the plays on which he builds his fame,
Boasting your praise, we all know whence they came.

Crown him with ivy, least of Brentford kings !
For still, like ivy, round some oak he clings.
Plays you have damn'd, their authors yet unknown,

Trust me, good people, those were all his own.
If his lame genius ever stood the test,
'Twas but a crutch'd noun-adjective at best ;
Or rather expletive, whose weak pretence
Occupies space, but adds not to the sense.
His Lady-Muse, tho' puling, wan, and thin,
With Green-room caudle all in state lies-in ;
His brats so ricketty, 'tis still their curse
To be swath'd, swaddled, and put out to nurse ;
Brought up on playhouse pap, they waul'd and cry,

Crawl on the stage, or in convulsions die.

His play to-night, like all he ever wrote,
Is pyc-bald, piec'd and patch'd, like Joseph's coat ;

Made up of shreds from Plautus and Corneille,
Terence, Moliere, Voltaire, and Marmontel,
With rags from fifty others I might mention,
Which proves him dull and barren of invention :
But shall his nonsense hold the place of sense ?
No, damn him ! damn him, in your own defense !

Else on your mercy will the dwarf presume,
Nor e'er give giant genius elbow-room.

Now ! now, my friends, we've brought him
to the stake ; [he'll make.
Bait him ! and then, perhaps some sport
I've lin'd the house in front, above, below ;
Fiends, like dried figs, stuck close in ev'ry row !

* On account of the length of this Epilogue many lines are omitted at the theatre.

Some wits, in ambush, in the gallery sit ;
Some form a critick phalanx in the pit ;
Some scatter'd forces their shrill catcalls play,
And strike the tiny scribbler with dismay.
On then, my hearts ! charge ! fire ! your triumph's certain
O'er his weak battery from behind the curtain !
To-morrow's Chronicle your deeds shall boast,
And loud *Te Deums* fill the Morning Post.

EPILOGUE
TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mrs. Bulkley *.

WHEN plays are o'er, by epilogue
we're able,
Thro' moral strainers, to refine the fable ;
Again the field of comedy to glean
From what the author did, or did not mean ;
Or, in a gayer mood, on malice bent,
Quite topsy-turvy turn the bard's intent.
Shall we, ye criticks, to-night's play deride ?
Or shall we, ladies, take the milder side ?
Suppose for once we leave the beaten road,
And try, by turns, the harsh and gentle mode ;
A kind of critick country-dance begin ;
Right hand and left, crois over, figure in !

The critick first strikes off, condemns each
scene, [spleen :
The tale, the bard ; and thus he vents his
"While books lie open on each mouldy stall,
Bills plaster posts, songs paper ev'ry wall,
At ev'ry corner hungry minds may feed,
Wisdom cries out, and he that runs may read,
On learned alms were playwrights ever fed,
And scraps of poetry their daily bread.
Ev'n Shakespeare would unthread the novel's
maze,

Or build on penny histories his plays.
From paltry ballads Rowe extracted Shore,
Which lay like metal buried in the ore.
To jump at once to bards of later days,
What are the riff-raff of our modern plays ?
Their native dulness all in books intrench ;
Mere scavangers of Latin, Greek and French,
Sweep up the learned rubbish, dirt, and dust,
Or from old iron try to file the rust.
Give me the bard whose fiery disposition
Quickens at once, and learns by intuition ;
Lifts up his head to think, and in a minute,
Ideas make a hurly-burly in it ;
Struggling for passage, there ferment and
bubble,

And thence run over without further trouble ;
Till out comes play or poem, as they feign
Minerva issued from her father's brain !
Be all original—struck out at once ;
Who borrows, toils, or labours is a dunce :
Genius, alas ! is at the lowest ebb ;
And none, like spiders, spin their own fine
web.

What wonder, if with some success they strive
With wax and honey to enrich the hive,

If all within their compass they devour,
And, like the bee, steal sweets from ev'ry flower? [do :
Old books, old plays, old thoughts will never
Originals for me, and something new !”
New? (cries the lady) pr'ythee, man, have
done! [sun.
We know there's nothing new beneath the
Weave, like the spider, from your proper
brains,
And take at last a cobweb for your pains!
What is invention? 'Tis not thoughts innate;
Each head at first is but an empty pate.
'Tis but retailing from a wealthy hoard
The thoughts which observation long has
stor'd,
Combining images with lucky hit,
Which sense and education first admit.
Who, borrowing little from the common store,
Mends what he takes, and from his own
adds more,
He is original; or inspiration
Never fill'd bard of this, or other nation, {
And Shakespeare's art is merely imitation.
For 'tis a truth long prov'd beyond all doubt,
Where nothing's in, there's nothing can
come out. [to new,
Modes oft may change, and old give way
Or vary betwixt London and Peru;
Yet here, and every where, the general frame
Of nature and of man is still the same:
Huge ruffs and farthingales are out of fashion;
But still the human heart's the seat of passion:
And he may boast his genius stands the test,
Who paints our passions and our humours best.
Censure not all; to praise let all aspire;
For emulation fans the poet's fire.
Put not one grand extinguisher on plays;
But with kind snuffers gently mend their blaze.
While other licens'd lotteries prevail,
Our bard, by ticklish lottery tempts a fale,
Prints the particulars of his museum,
And boldly calls the publick in to see 'em:
Their calculation must his fate reveal,
Who ventures all in the dramatick wheel.

For the LONDON MAGAZINE.
AN ACROSTIC.

WITH dreary aspect, winter now is come,
In icicles strong the silver streams are
ty'd.
No more the birds their dulcet notes pursue.
The trees now strip'd, of all their former
bloom,
Notice no more, till the reviving spring
visits, and sets all nature free.

Written on the Banks of the Thames,
near Twickenham, last Summer.

I musing beside the cleat stream
To Twick'nham's gay village ally'd,
Nancy I sung, and my theme
Kept pace and complain'd with the tide,

That murmur'd at loss of its Pope—
I mourn'd for the loss of my fair,
As each was alike without hope
To meet with a jewel so rare.
Adieu ye sweet meadows and lawns!
No more on your paths shall I stray—
Or like the brisk lambkins and fawns,
So blithesomely speed the long day!
For Nancy (the cruellest maid !)
Hath left me alone to despair!
Nor heeds the soft things I have said—
Nay sworn to so oft in her ear.
O fool that I am to complain!—
Fly love! quickly fly from my breast!—
Too long have I worn the slave's chain—
Too long been a stranger to rest!
Since Nancy will not lend an ear,
A nymph that's more kind I'll attend;
But nought of love's tale shall she hear—
I'll promise to be her firm friend.
Methinks I see Venus the gay—
The little rogue Cupid beside,
Directing an arrow this way,
And, smiling, my maxim deride.
But Venus may boast of her pow'r,
And Cupid contemptuously smile—
In friendship I'll spend ev'ry hour—
No longer shall love me beguile.
On friendship grave reason attends—
It warms as it grows, and takes root;
And gradually rip'ning, ascends—
Producing the wholesomest fruit.

NIGHT. An ELEGY.

SCAP'D from the noisy world's bewitching power,
Where endless Discord holds her chearless
reign,
From Folly's trifling train I steal an hour,
And dedicate to Night the youthful strain.
Now balmy slumbers sooth the cares of toil,
Sweet sleeps the peasant in his humble cot;
Now Flattery's flippant tongue lies still a while,
And all the labour of the day's forgot.
Cynthia, emerging from the crimson'd east,
Moves slowly onward with her starry train;
And sober Night, in dusky mantle drest,
Resumes once more her awful silent reign;
Save where the mastiff, on the village-green,
Barks wildly at the wan moon's glim'ring
ray;
Save where the drowsy owl, with dismal mien,
Hoots lonely on the dew-bespangled spray;
Save where the rill, whose many banks are clad
With plaintive willows, waving o'er the
stream, [glade,
Comes softly murmurring thro' the peaceful
And silver'd glitters in the quiv'ring gleam;
Save

Save where the raven, from her airy nest,
'Mid woods impervious to the midnight
moon,
Lulls with her dreary songs her young to rest,
While weary Nature mourns her beauties
gone.

When at this solemn hour the slumb'ring world
Lies lowly prostrate on the downy couch ;
And Riot's sons, in mere confusion hurl'd,
Prolong the revels of the mad debauch ;

Oft let me wander near the heath-clad hill,
O'er whose high top beams sweet the star
of eve ;

Or tread beside the daisy margin'd rill,
And ev'ry scene of vice and folly leave ;

And there hold converse with the sacred Muse,
With Night's seraphic bard, immortal
Young !

In memory's fair page his strains peruse,
How sweet he warbled, and how sad he
sung :

Or feel the force of Thomson's deathless song,
Who copied Nature in each diff'rent hue ;
Who, soft as Sappho, and as Pindar strong,
Describ'd such scenes as Shakespeare never
drew.

There let me meditate on themes divine,
Whose blissful influence high exalts the soul ;
Or bend at Wisdom's ever glorious shrine,
And learn the throbbing passions to controul.

There quick-eye'd Fancy's airy flights pursue,
That wake to ecstasy, and thoughts sublime,
In heav'n's bright concave with amazement
view

"The God of nature, and the God of time."

Blest solitude ! how sweet thy peaceful scenes !
Where Contemplation's vot'ries love to stray ;
Where, in her sapient dres, Religion reigns,
And shines more splendid than the noon-tide ray.

The INVITATION : by a Gentleman in MARYLAND.

Addressed to a young Lady.

WHEN chilling Boreas blows no more,
And snows are melted down :
When gentle zephyrs soft'ning power
Spring's mild advances own ;

Or if when scorching Sirius reigns,
And taints the putrid air,
Mindful of health, from sandy plains
To mountains you'll repair.

A mountain bard your steps invites
To shun the baleful rays ;
In cooler sleep to pass your nights,
In cooler shade your days ;

Where no moschetoes e'er intrude,
No fly disturbs your rest ;
Where love alone will dare be rude,
And discompose your breast ;

Who haply may soft dreams impart,
And for your lover plead ;
With mutual paffion touch your heart,
And he be blest indeed.

Come then, fair maid, and bring along
Your gentle manners, native ease,
The sprightly dance, the jocund song,
And all the pretty arts to please ;

And if your fair companion deign
The invitation to approve,
A mountain goddes she shall reign,
And wit shall weave the coronet of love.

Around her trees will crowd their shade,
And birds will chaunt a sprightlier lay ;
And ev'ry flower, and ev'ry blade,
Will welcome the auspicious day.

Fatal ambition ! hapless fate !
Who wedded but to noble strife,
Exchanges happiness for state,
And sinks into a wretch for life.

The present hour is all we taste,
Catch the fleet pleasures as they move ;
We cannot be too much in haste,
— 'Tis all we have—to live and love.

V E R S E S

Written by an unfortunate Lover.

YE shepherds and nymphs of the plains,
Where Thames' gentle current doth glide,
Who often have heard my soft strains,
Nor to pay your attention, deny'd.
With pity, ye fair, oh ! reflect
On the cruel reverse of my fate ;
See constancy paid with neglect,
And fondness rewarded with hate.

If averse to my courtship at first,
You had check'd my fond infant desire,
Your coldness had left me less curs'd,
And, perhaps, had extinguish'd my fire !
But all your false arts you employ'd,
Ingenious and wanton in ill ;
The passion you nurs'd, you destroy'd,
And only created to kill.

Yet tho' you delight in my smart,
Tho' you rob me of all I hold dear,
Revenge is below a brave heart ;
I wish you a lot less severe.
May the swain you shall crown with success
By his fondness deserve to be priz'd,
'Twould double, methinks, my distrest,
At last to see you too despis'd.

THE MONTHLY CHRONOLOGER.

L O N D O N .

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 2.

N Thursday last Lord Mansfield, and the rest of the judges of the court of King's Bench, gave their opinion in the matter relating to the arresting of General Gansell, which was, that the General was legally arrested. The caption being therefore held good, he is to remain in gaol until he hath satisfied his creditors, or is otherwise discharged by due course of law. (See our last magazine, page 47.)

THURSDAY 3.

A person who was commander of a trading vessel that belonged to Jamaica, but lately arrived from Spain, gives the following account of the usage of the Spaniards to Englishmen, whom they have impri-
nated under pretence of their carrying on an illegal trade. He says, that three years and four months ago, being out upon a trading voyage and in want of water, he put into the Havannah for some, where his vessel was seized, and he and his men loaded with irons and thrown into prison, where he met with many more of his countrymen. He says he was kept there two years, during which time there was no other meat allowed for the English prisoners but bullocks liver and entrails; at the end of two years 40 of them were released from that prison, and the rest condemned to slavery: from the Havannah they were carried in irons to Cadiz, where they were again put into prison, and kept one more, but at better allowances and better living, because the consul there sent them provisions; and last November he procured his discharge, after three years imprisonment, and robbed of all their property.

FRIDAY 4.

At Saturday a young woman with a child in her arms and big with another, went to Alderman Wilkes, who sat at the session-house for the lord-mayor, for a pass into the parish to which she belonged, saying she was married to a black, who was a servant to a merchant in Lothbury, but that being no wages he was not able to support her. The alderman granted a warrant to her husband before the lord-mayor; accordingly he was yesterday brought before the lordship, when the poor fellow declared, he was born in Guadalupe, of negroe parents; that he had served his master in this country fourteen years, but was never allowed any wages; that when his wife lay an

he applied to his master for a little money for her support, but without success; and in the course of his examination he expressed such tender feelings for the distress of his wife and child, that it drew compassion from all present. Upon which his lordship discharged him from his master, telling him that he was not a slave, according to the laws of this free country, and that if he should be molested in getting bread for himself and family, to apply to him, and he would see justice done. His lordship then gave him a guinea, and the gentlemen present subscribed another towards his support, till he could get employ, and recommended him to an attorney in the Mayor's-court, to bring an action against the master for the recovery of his wages for the fourteen years he had served him in England. The master did not attend.

The Peggy, Stuart, from Liverpool and Wexford, bound for Dublin, went on shore at Bray-head, about six miles from Dublin, in a hard gale of wind on the 17th ult. The next night the inhabitants came in great numbers (after plundering, the preceding day, a sloop, Capt. French, from Bourdeaux for Dublin, laden with brandy, of which they drank to such excess that fourteen died on the spot; the captain of the sloop, and five men were drowned) which the hands kept off for some time, but being over-powered, were obliged to leave the vessel to save their lives, when the russians began to plunder the vessel of every thing they could lay their hands on, and scarce left a timber belonging to her.

SATURDAY 5.

The society of Lincoln's-inn have fixed on a plan, which has been long in agitation, to take down all the old buildings, except the chapel and hall, and to build a grand row all up Chancery-Lane, from the anchor and Baptist-tavern, the north end of the garden wall.

TUESDAY 8.

This day a court of aldermen was held at Guildhall, when the Rev. Mr. Villette was appointed ordinary of Newgate. No alteration was made in the price of bread.

WEDNESDAY 9.

This day his majesty went in state to the House of Peers, and gave the royal assent to the following bills, viz.

The bill for granting an aid of 3s. in the pound, on all lands, tenements, and hereditaments in England, &c.

The bill for continuing the duties on malt, must, cyder, and perry.

The bill for punishing mutiny and desertion, and for the better payment of the army and their quarters.

And to such other bills as are ready for that purpose.

Same day there was a numerous meeting of the annuitants of Mr. Douglas, Heron and Co. at the King's-Arms tavern, in Cornhill, when the proposals made by the chairman, Mr. Glover, for redemption of their annuities, were unanimously, generously, and laudably accepted, and the unanimous thanks of all the annuitants present were given to Mr. Glover, for the part he has so generously and disinterestedly undertaken, for bringing the affairs of the said Mess. Douglas, Heron, and Co. to so fair a prospect of a speedy and happy conclusion.

Information having been given to the lord-mayor that a number of young fellows were to meet on Tuesday night at a publick house in Golden-lane, Barbican, to act the tragedy of Richard III. the city marshal and his assistants were sent to apprehend them. Just as he got to the door of the room where the young men were exhibiting, the person who performed the part of the king was crying out, "a horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" On the marshal entering every one endeavoured to escape; however, five of them were taken into custody in their tragedy dresses. They were yesterday carried before the lord-mayor, when, on promising not to offend in the like manner again, and giving security for their good behaviour for six months, they were dismissed.

This morning a fire broke out at a green-grocer's in Great James-street, Bedford-row, which consumed that house, and greatly damaged a barber's and a chandler's shop on each side. One woman perished in the flames, and another was greatly hurt by jumping out of a one pair of stairs window.

FRIDAY 11.

They write from Paris, that a short time since, a dispute arose at Marseilles, between the officers in garrison there and the people of the town, the circumstances of which are as follow: some officers being in the boxes at the playhouse, and conversing pretty loud during the performance, one of them (for the sake of enjoying the company of his friends more at his ease) sat upon the front of the box with his back to the pit. The company in the pit looked upon this behaviour as indecent, and called to him to seat himself properly, which he accordingly did. The other officers thought they were insulted upon this occasion, and determined to be revenged. Accordingly the next evening a great number of officers went to the play, and dispersed themselves in different parts of the house; those in the boxes all turned their backs upon the audience, and determined to continue in that situation. The company in the pit resenting their behaviour,

a great riot ensued, and the officers in the pit abetting their companions, collared some of the towns-people, and sword in hand drove them out of the house. In a very short time upwards of 4000 inhabitants, all armed assembled about the playhouse, and probably great mischief would have ensued if a very respectable inhabitant had not harangued the enraged multitude, and prevailed with them to disperse, on a promise of procuring them proper satisfaction for the ill behaviour of the officers. The commandant of Marseilles immediately ordered all the officers to retire into the citadel, and remain there, and then sent an express to court, with an account what had happened, and the step he had taken. In the mean time the serjeants performed the duty of the officers.

By letters since received, we are informed that orders have been sent to Marseilles for severe punishment being inflicted on the above officers.

SATURDAY 12.

On Wednesday night, about twelve o'clock, a hackney coachman, supposed to be in liquor, drove his coach down the stairs at Iron-gate, into the Thames, where himself and horses were drowned. The watchmen there could have saved the man, but he would not be taken from the water without they could save his horses.

At a court of common-council held yesterday, at Guildhall, several gentlemen were elected to fill up the vacancies in the several committees for the year ensuing.

At the above court the petition of Mr. Chancellor, late deputy common cryer of this city, was taken into consideration, and the court settled upon him £10. per annum during his life for his past services.

Letters from Dantzick by the last mail advise, that since Sweden has been declared an absolute monarchy, the liberty of the press exists no longer, having survived the aera about eighteen months. These letters add, that it is remarkable the liberty before allowed was so restrained, that every one who published was obliged to put his name to his work, or leave his name with the bookseller that sold it, which if neglected the bookseller was looked on as author, liable to any penalties inflicted on trial. This was not allowed under the new form of government.

On Friday last Mr. Macklin, late of Covent-Garden theatre, moved the court of King's-bench against several persons for hissing, and otherwise insulting him the night he appeared on Covent-Garden theatre to perform the part of Shylock, for preventing his going through the character, likewise the loss of his bread, &c. The motion was rejected, it being observed, that as the theatres were opened for the reception and entertainment of that part of the public who paid for their admission, the audience

had a right to applaud, condemn, nay, reject what performers they thought proper; but if any unjust combination was formed previous to the opening the house, an action at common law might be grounded; but in the instance then before the court, there did not appear any room for such plea; and therefore he was advised to make his peace with the town as speedily as possible. Mr. Macklin had retained the attorney and solicitor general, besides Messrs. Dunning, Wallace, &c. It is said Mr. Macklin had seventy-four affidavits ready to produce.

MONDAY 14.

This day an adjournment of sessions was held at Guildhall before the lord-mayor, &c. when a tradesman's son on Snow-Hill, was found guilty of an attempt to injure a young woman; he was sentenced to pay a fine of ten guineas, and all costs. A young fellow was also found guilty of breaking the glass of the coach in which was the late lord-mayor, on Tuesday the 9th of November last, and was sentenced to suffer six months imprisonment in Bridewell to hard labour. A butcher was found guilty of selling meat short weight, and sentenced to pay twenty-shillings and costs.

WEDNESDAY 16.

On Monday night in the House of Commons, on the examination of the printer of a daily paper, relative to a letter published in his paper, reflecting on the Speaker, the minister informed the assembly that he received the letter from Mr. Horne, and was more induced to believe the contents true, because he saw the copies of two petitions, one signed Thomas de Grey, Esq. the other William Tooke, Esq. but did not read the former part of the letter, which neglect he hoped would be imputed to that hurry in which the nature of his business subjects him to. He added, that during the course of twenty years in which he has been in office, he never before incurred the disfavour of the House; that he voluntarily obeyed the summons, and threw himself on the mercy of the House. A motion was afterwards made for his commitment to the custody of the serjeant at arms; and another was made for his commitment to the gaol; but on a division the numbers were for the former motion 152, for the latter 68, and he was accordingly committed to the custody of the serjeant at arms.

At ten o'clock, the same evening Mr. Horne received a notice from a messenger of the House of Commons, acquainting him, that Mr. Woodfall, the printer of the Public Advertiser, had, at the bar of that house the same day, informed the House, that the letter in his paper, on the Friday before, reflecting on the character of the Speaker, was delivered to him by the Rev. Mr. Horne; and the notice, which was

dated Monday, Feb. 14, concluded with these words: "Ordered that the said Rev. John Horne do attend this House upon Wednesday next. J. Hastell, Cl. Dom. Com.

To which Mr. Horne on Tuesday returned the following answer.

"To J. Hastell, Esq. clerk of the House of Commons.

"Sir, late last night I received a notice, signed with your name, of an order which the House of Commons made yesterday for the attendance of a particular person on Wednesday next.

"I apprehend that notice must have been intended for some other person, and delivered to me by mistake, of which I informed the bearer the very moment after I had read it; at the same time adding, that whenever the House of Commons shall desire my attendance, I will pay to them all proper and prudent respect. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

Tuesday, Feb. 15, 1774. JOHN HORNE.

Mr. Horne did not attend yesterday according to order, for which, as a contempt, he was ordered to be taken into custody.

On Tuesday John Wilkes, Esq. attended by several gentlemen, freeholders of Middlesex, went to Mr. Stracey's room adjoining the House of Commons, and told Mr. Stracey (the clerk who swears in the members after the first day of a new parliament) that he came to take the oaths and his seat as member for Middlesex, pursuant to a summons from the sheriffs for that purpose; the above gentleman replied, that, according to the constant practice of that House, no person could take the oaths as member after the first session of a new parliament, unless he produced his certificate. To this Mr. Wilkes replied, that the clerk of the crown would not grant it him; and the other saying the oaths could not be administered without it, the business ended; and Mr. Wilkes, after paying his respects to the gentlemen present, returned soon after to his own house.

The same day, complaint was made to the House of a letter published in two of the daily papers, signed *A South-Briton*; which was voted a scandalous, false, and seditious libel, tending to alienate the affections of his majesty's subjects. Ordered that the attorney-general do prosecute the publishers.

THURSDAY 17.

This morning the deputy serjeant at arms to the House of Commons went to a gentleman's house in Serjeant's-inn to enquire for Mr. Horne; he was informed that he was not within, but would be there about twelve; at which time the serjeant came again, and found Mr. Horne in company with the gentleman of the House, who desired him and the person with him to walk in; and on the serjeant's telling his business, Mr. Horne said he was ready to attend him when

when he pleased; and accordingly he went to the House of Commons with the serjeant in a carriage.

On their arrival at the House, the serjeant at arms gave information of his having Mr. Horne in custody in one of the rooms belonging to that House. The Speaker informed the House, that when the prisoner was brought to the bar, no questions could be proposed to him but from the chair. Mr. Horne was then called in, and made a long defence, to exculpate himself from holding the House in contempt. He said, "he hoped his letter to the clerk of the House, his answer to the messenger, and, above all, the readiness he had shewn in being taken into custody that day, would prove that he did not hold the House in contempt."—He was ordered to withdraw, and Mr. Oliver made a motion, "that as Mr. Horne had exculpated himself from the charge alledged against him, of holding the House in contempt, he be now discharged from the custody of the serjeant at arms." A strong debate ensued, whether the above motion should be put, or not; which was carried against Mr. Oliver. Several questions were proposed to the Speaker to be asked Mr. Horne; and Mr. Horne was called in, and the minutes of the proceedings on Friday last, and the minutes of Monday were read to him. The Speaker then called upon him for his defence. Mr. Horne informed him that he should be glad to demean himself by the rules and orders of the House, and desired his instructions accordingly. He particularly wished to know, whether what had been read to him, was the charge or the evidence: the Speaker told him the charge. Mr. Horne then said he presumed, the House meant that he should put in his plea; after a pause, he was answered in the affirmative, on which Mr. Horne immediately said, "he should plead there, as in any other court of justice, not guilty." He was then ordered to withdraw, and being again called in, was asked, "if he chose to have Mr. Woodfall before him;" this he agreed to; and on the question, Mr. Woodfall said, "that he received the letter from that Mr. Horne; that it was that Mr. Horne's writing, and that he delivered that Mr. Horne a proof of the letter before it was published; that he went to Mr. Horne as soon as he received a summons to attend, and that Mr. Horne desired him to give him up as the author." Upon this Mr. Horne was asked for his defence. He refused to make any, till he had heard the evidence against him; as he said it was unusual to punish a man upon a bare charge, without the charge being properly supported by evidence. Mr. Horne then asked Mr. Woodfall whether he was not at present under the sentence of the House? Mr. Woodfall answered, that he presumed he was. Mr. Horne then objec-

ting to Mr. Woodfall's evidence, as he was not at large; they were ordered to withdraw, and a debate arose whether Mr. Woodfall's evidence was competent; after which an order was made for the attendance of three Mr. Woodfall's compositors, and the question for adjournment was put, which was carried by a division of 144 to 40. The House having continued to sit till past ten o'clock, adjourned the further prosecution of the business to yesterday.

Three of Mr. Woodfall's compositors attended yesterday, according to order, and being called to the bar, were examined, but their evidence not being sufficient to prove Mr. Horne the author of the letter reflected on the Speaker, he was ordered to be discharged, on paying his fees.

SATURDAY 19.

Yesterday morning as some gentlemen were hunting near Epping-Forest, they started a hare, which took into a little wood near Snaresbrook; as soon as they had entered, a sudden the hounds stopped, when the horsemen came up they found the dogs stood under a tree, on which hung the body of a man, well dressed; he was immediately cut down, but it is supposed that he had been dead two days. His watch and money were found in his pockets, and two letters; by which it was discovered that he was an inhabitant of Whitecross-street. One of the letters was from his landlord, demanding the payment of rent; the other from another person demanding the payment of a sum of money.

The committee appointed by the court common-council of this city to enquire into the abuses of the officers of the court of conscience, we are assured will continue to meet every Monday evening at six, in the council-chamber, at Guildhall, when all persons who have cause of complaint will discharge their duty due to the publick, by laying the same before the committee,

MONDAY 21.

A few days ago was determined at Edinburgh, before Lord Auchinleck, a criminal cause relative to the game laws, the determination of which will be of importance to Scotland; an action of damages was brought by the Marquis of Tweedale, against two gentlemen for breaking through his inclosures at a fox-chase. The hardship of having inclosures destroyed, and the detriment it must be to the improvement of the country, was insisted on for the purpose. The defenders alledged, that as foxes were noxious animals, it was doing service to the country to destroy them, and there was more harm in breaking through inclosures to do so, than it would be to use the usual means to catch a thief. Judgment was given for the defenders.

TUESDAY 22.

This day came on in the House of Lords the final determination on the cause of

any property, which rested principally on three points.

I. Whether the author of a book, or literary composition, has a common law right to the sole and exclusive publication of such book or literary composition?

II. Whether an action for a violation of common law right will lie against those persons who publish the book or literary composition of an author without his consent?

III. How far the statute of the 8th Queen Anne effects the supposition of a common law right?

The judges having previously delivered their opinions on these points, Lord Camborne rose and spoke very learnedly for near two hours against the literary claimants, and in defence of the statute of Queen Anne, which he said took away any right at common law for an author's exclusively multiplying copies, if any such right existed. The Lord Chancellor spoke for three quarters of an hour to the same effect. The young Lord Lyttelton next rose, and made a short, florid harangue in favour of literary property. The bishop of Carlisle and Lord Brougham Howard spoke against it, and the question being put by the Lord Chancellor, whether it was their lordships pleasure that the decree should be reversed, it was carried without a division with costs.

By the above decision of the important question respecting copy-right in books, nearly 1000. worth of what was honestly purchased at public sale, and which was yesterday sought property, is now reduced to nothing. The booksellers of London and Westminster, many of whom sold estates and houses to purchase copy-right, are in a manner ruined, and those who after many years industry sought they had acquired a competency to provide for their families, now find themselves without a shilling to devise to their successors.

The English booksellers have now no other security in future for any literary purchase they may make, but the statute of the 8th of Queen Anne, which secures to the author's assigns an exclusive property for 14 years, to revert again to the author, and vest in him for 14 years more.

WEDNESDAY 23.

Peter Quesnel, surnamed Benard, well known in the republick of letters by several works, and particularly by his history of the Jesuits, the two first volumes of which were printed at Utrecht in 1741, died lately at the Hague, aged 75 years. This author, who but three months ago completed his history of the Jesuits, about which he had been employed the greatest part of his life, was pressed upon a few hours before his death by some persons, who made it a point of consequence, to burn the manuscript, which could have made twenty volumes in ten lines.

THURSDAY 24.

This day, at five o'clock in the afternoon, her majesty was taken in labour, and at a quarter past six was safely delivered of a prince.

A court of common council was summoned yesterday to meet this day at Guildhall, to consider of an application to parliament, relative to the proposed canal from Moorfields to Waltham-Abbey; also to consider of the report of the committee for letting the city lands, in relation to a scheme for preventing persons who are not liverymen being admitted into Guildhall upon days of election; likewise to consider about the appointment of the upper marshal of this city.

The same day, the committee appointed to consider of an application to parliament, relative to the proposed canal from Waltham Abbey to Moorfields, made their report; upon which warm debates ensued, which lasted some time; but at length, the question being put, it was carried by a majority, that a petition should be presented for the making a canal; and a committee was appointed to draw up a petition, consisting of Aldermen Alsop, Kirkman, and Sawbridge, and 12 commissioners. Upon which they withdrew, and in a short time returned with a petition, which being read and approved of, the sheriffs were ordered to present the said petition. The court sat so late, that the rest of the business was postponed till a future day.

FRIDAY 25.

A petition was presented yesterday to the lower assembly, in behalf of the printer of the Public Advertiser, who had been ordered into the custody of the serjeant at arms, for printing a letter reflecting on the Speaker, praying that he may be discharged from his confinement; a motion was made that he be brought to the bar of the House, reprimanded, and discharged, paying his fees. It passed in the negative.

The same day a court of lieutenancy was held at Guildhall, when Sir Henry Banks was chosen colonel of the Blue Regiment of militia, in the room of the late Sir Robert Ladbroke.

PROMOTIONS.

THE king has been pleased to appoint Thomas Shirley, Esq. to be captain general and governor in chief of his majesty's island of Dominica in America, in the room of Sir William Young, Bart. who has resigned.—Montfort Browne, Esq. to be captain general and governor in chief of his majesty's Bahama islands in America, in the room of Thomas Shirley, Esq.—Peter Livius, Esq. to be chief justice of his majesty's province of New Hampshire in America.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 2. At Didbrook, in Oxfordshire, the Right Hon. Lord Aylmer, to the second daughter of Sir Charles Whitworth.—4. At Monmouth, Mr. Titus Green, of the priory, near that Town, to Miss Sheward, only daughter of Mr. Robert Sheward, of Porthidder, in the county of Hereford.—8. John Hanbury, Esq. to Miss Lewis, eldest daughter of Morgan Lewis, of St. Pierc, Esq.—9. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the bishop of Chester, the Rev. Mr. Courtenay, nephew of the Lord Chancellor, to Lady Mary Howard, sister to the earl of Effingham.—12. Joseph Nollekens, Esq. of Mortimer-street, to Miss Welch, daughter of Saunders Welch, Esq. of Charles-street, Cavendish-square.—14. At St. Margaret's church, James Monk, of the Middle Temple, Esq. to Miss Adams, of St. Margaret's, Westminster.—18. At Hednett, Henry Jervis, of the Hill in Shropshire, Esq. to Miss Sarah Pigot, youngest daughter of Charles Pigot, of Peplow in the same county, Esq. an agreeable young lady with a genteel fortune.—20. At Brotherton, Lord Ducie, to Miss Ramsden, daughter of the late Sir John Ramsden, Bart. of Byrom.

DEATHS.

Feb. 3. ROBERT Jones, Esq. of Babraham house, Cambridgeshire, member of parliament for Huntingdon, and one of the elder brethren of the Trinity-house.—4. At his seat at Stradbally, Queen's county, Ireland, the Right Hon. Dudley Alexander Sydney Colby, Lord Sydney of Leix, and baron of Stradbally.—At St. John's, Newfoundland, Capt. John Moore, some time since captain of the Barfleur, one of his majesty's ships of war, but had retired into the fishing trade.—9. In Suffolk-street, in the 62d year of his age, Harry Earle, Esq. third son of the late William Benion, Esq. one of the auditors of the impress.—11. At his seat at Newburgh, in the county of York, the Right Hon. Thomas Earl Fauconbergh: his lordship succeeded his father as viscount, baron, and baronet, in the year 1718; was created Earl Fauconberg by his late majesty, and is succeeded in his title and estates by Henry, now Earl Fauconberg, his only surviving son and heir. The present earl married, in the year 1766, Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Matthew Lamb, Bart. deceased, and has issue three daughters.—14. The Rev. Mr. Bertie, prebendary of Exeter, and rector of Kenn, in Devon, brother to the late, and uncle to the present Earl of Abingdon.—15. At the Rev. Mr. Chamberlayne's, at Barling in Essex, Mr. Robert Doughty, brother to Henry Danvers Hodges, Esq. of Broadwell, near Stow,

Gloucestershire.—18. At Bath, Mrs. Sarah Boulting, daughter of the late William Boulting, Esq. of Wells, in the county of Somerset.—20. At her lodgings in Cheapside, Mrs. Batt, a widow lady, aged 82, daughter of George Jarvis, Esq. of Wrinton place, Somersetshire.—At Paris, in the 74th year of his age, M. de Condamine, knight of the royal and military orders, member of the French academy of sciences, fellow of the royal society at London, and of the academies of Berlin, Pittsburgh, &c.

B—NK—TS.

ANN Killigworth, of St. John Wapping, widow and block-maker. Walter Room, late of Shawhill, in the parish of Melksham in Wilts, serge-maker, but now of Bristol, dresser, and packer. Robert Boulter, of Bath, innholder, and vintner. Mary Weston and John Weston, both of Birmingham, wire drawers, dealers in wire, and co-partners. Gilbert Wayne, of Nottingham, hosier. Robert Dallas, of Exchange Alley, London, broker. John Dent, of Redcross-street, St Giles Cripplegate, soap maker. William Wilmot and Willism Wilmot the younger of the Strand, hosiers and partners. William Evans the younger, of Beech-lane, in St. Giles, Cripplegate, broker, and colour-grinder. William Smith, of Tash court, Tash street Gray's-inn-lane, dealer. Joseph Brickell, of Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire, grocer. Charles Simpson, of Diss in Norfolk, brewer. William Innell, of Chalford in Gloucestershire, clothier. Samuel Rumbach, of Aldgate, London, toyman. William Doley, of Sharpe's-buildings, St. Botolph Aldgate, salesman. John Gittes, of King street, Drury lane, victualler. Thomas Rawbone, of Snow-Hill, London, upholsterer. William Clark, of Hampstead, coachmaster.

COUNTRY NEWS.

Bath, Jan. 31.

FRIDAY a shocking affair happened at Drakeford, a village in Berkshire: a husbandman of that place, through want, was induced to attempt to destroy himself and his two children. He first cut the throat of his children, and afterwards his own. The eldest expired soon after; the youngest, and the father, were both living on Sunday evening, though their windpipes were cut through. A few months ago, the above man was so troubled by the lowness of his circumstances that he hanged himself, but his wife then saved his life.

Canterbury, Feb. 12. A few days ago Thomas Matthews, officer of excise, assisted by 18 dragoons, made a seizure of 900 weight of fine hyson tea, and a considerable quantity of foreign lace and silk, in a barn on Selling-Lees.

On Thursday last Mr. Matthews, with a party of dragoons, fell in with a gang of 80

smugglers within two miles of Maidstone; from whom he took a considerable quantity of tea and lace. Several of the men were wounded; and one of the horses threw his rider, and ran through Maidstone loaded with four bags of tea.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh, Jan. 29.

ON Thursday James Baillie was brought before the high court of judiciary. Some time ago he had been sentenced to be hanged for murder, but had got his majesty's pardon, provided he would transport himself within 40 days after he was liberated. He was, however, found in Scotland after that period, and recommitted to prison, where he has been for some months. A petition in his behalf was read to the court, setting forth, that agreeable to the tenor of his majesty's pardon, he had gone to Whitehaven, and had agreed with a shipmaster there for his passage; that he returned to Scotland for a few days, but falling sick, it was impossible for him to fulfil the conditions of his pardon; and that he had now the misfortune not to be able to produce evidence of what he alledged, as his witnesses were without the jurisdiction of the court, and had refused to appear. The court decreed that the former sentence should take place, that he should be hanged at Edinburgh, and appointed the execution on the 30th of March next, and his body to be given for dissection. As the case is singular, we hear it will again be laid before the king.

IRELAND.

Dublin, Feb. 1.

ON Sunday last the following petition was delivered to the congregations as they went into the churches of St. Mary, St. Thomas, St. Ann, and St. Werburgh: "Your prayers are most earnestly requested for the protestant religion, now extremely ill and weak, but not past hopes of recovery."

AMERICA.

New-York, Dec. 1.

ALL America is in a flame on account of the tea exportation. The New-Yorkers, as well as the Bostonians and Philadelphians, are, it seems, determined that no tea shall be landed. They have published a paper in numbers, called the *Alarm*. It begins first with "Dear Countrymen," and then goes on exhorting them to open their eyes, and like sons of liberty throw off all connection with the tyrant their mother country. They have on this occasion raised a company of artillery, and every day almost are

practising at a target. Their independent companies are out at exercise every day. The minds of the lower people are inflamed by the examples of some of their principals. They swear that they will burn every ship that comes in; but I believe our six and twelve pounders, with the Royal Welsh Fuziliers, will prevent any thing of that kind.

New-York, Dec. 1. All is in confusion about the tea-ships, and the governor has now declared that he expects a ship with 400 chests of tea. The artillery have orders to make up ball cartridges, as have the troops. Yesterday orders were given for all soldiers to keep good flints in their firelocks, and every officer and soldier as soon as any riot is in the town (if there) to repair directly to the barracks, and acquaint the commanding officer of it. General Haldiman has got two cohorns before his house, and the governor a stronger guard. The Swan sloop of war is gone down to the watering place to wait for the ship to bring her up, as they have threatened all the pilots to bring them to Liberty Tree if they conduct the ship up. Thus affairs stand at present.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

RUSSIA.

Petersburg, Jan. 7.

THE greatest preparations imaginable are making here to put our army on the Danube in a condition to open the next campaign with vigour; and we are not less assiduous in the naval department. In short there is not the least appearance of a peace. Though the last enterprizes against Varna and Silistria did not succeed, the court is not in the least dissatisfied with the conduct of Count de Romanzow, who performed what was wished for, which was to drive the Turks from the borders of the Danube, and to secure good winter quarters for our troops.

SWEDEN.

Stockholm, January 25. From Skara in East Gothland, we have just received the following account of a singular phenomenon in that province. During the whole month of September last the element was obscured with clouds, except the 6th and the 13th days. The 22d a very heavy rain fell, which was followed by an extreme heat which lasted till six in the evening; next day there fell another which may properly be called an electrick rain, as each drop as it fell to the ground threw out fire, and had it happened in the night, the whole district must have been in flames. During the whole rain there was thunder and lightening. On the 25th following the

above

above extraordinary rain was followed by an earthquake which greatly shook the mountain named Kina Kulle, and destroyed five parishes.

POLAND.

Warsaw, Jan. 19. A duel was fought near this place last week between Major Wilde and Capt. Muller, two Russian officers, who, though great friends before, quarrelled on the road as they were bringing dispatches from the Russian army in Moldavia. They, however, agreed to deliver their dispatches previous to their encounter: after which, they, with their seconds, proceeded to the chosen spot, when the major desired the captain to fire first, which he did, and wounded his adversary. The major then fired his in the air, and said to the captain, "you have fired; 'tis I that gave the offence, for which I sincerely ask your pardon. Are you content with this request? If not, you have your choice; we have still each a pistol and our swords." The seconds, touched with the candour and openness of Major Wilde, desired it might end where it was, and they were immediately reconciled to each other.

GERMANY.

Vienna, Jan. 15. We have had to-day, about half an hour after one o'clock in the after-

noon, two very smart shocks of an earthquake, which were felt in almost every house in Vienna, but without causing any damage, as we have yet heard. The weather was calm and pleasant; and a gentle thaw, with sunshine.

FRANCE.

Paris, Jan. 21. Some officers lately returned from Corsica say, that the island is still infested with banditti, who are supported by the inhabitants of the country; the last of whom are so jealous of their liberty, that they will rather encourage all manner of outrages than submit to government.

ITALY.

Rome, Jan. 12. Last Monday Lord Clive was introduced to an audience of his Holiness, with some other English gentlemen; and the next day his lordship set out for Naples.

TURKEY.

Constantinople, Jan. 21. At half an hour after twelve the Grand Signior expired, and at half an hour after two the guns from the seraglio announced his successor Abdul Hamed.

To our CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Basingstoke correspondent will see we have made use of his favours. We are obliged to him even for his strictures on two occasions, which we shall endeavour to turn to our advantage. We doubt not, if we really were wrong, but he will allow us that just plea, never yet denied to any one—*humanum est errare*.

Civicus can by no means be inserted. Though we always endeavour to pay the greatest respect to the favours of our correspondents, yet the London Magazine must never be made the vehicle of the rage of party and personal abuse. Would Civicus employ his pen on more liberal and candid subjects, we should be proud of the correspondence of so able a writer.

The Verses on the Death of Goliath shall, if possible, appear in our next; but we hope the writer will excuse us should we omit his introductory letter.

We fear we cannot oblige Cleanthes, as we have already said a great deal upon that subject.

We are obliged to P. B. who dates his letter from Oxford; but as very few of our readers can have the opportunity of viewing the original he describes, we flatter ourselves he will pardon us should we omit his favour.

The address to the Rev. Mr. Lindsey shall appear in our next.

The letter signed Analogy is come to hand; but, as it relates to a matter which has so long slept, we believe the writer will excuse us should we think it imprudent to disturb it.

Mr. Ross's Poem is received, and shall be inserted; but, as it is very long, we cannot promise when.

Some other favours, received late in the month, we must beg time to examine, as we should be sorry to reject any thing too hastily, or admit it imprudently. We would wish equally to oblige our correspondents and our readers.